THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, April 28, 1926 | Number 25

CONTENTS

Education and the Press 673
Week by Week 675
Prohibition and Politics 679
The Interest in Liturgy 680
State and Church in Mexico ..... Patrick J. Ward 681
Petition (*verse*) ..... John Richard Moreland 683
The Italian Empire and Tunis ..... Martyn Hemphill 684
In the Market Place ..... Mark O. Shriver 685
Social Credit and the Just Price, III ..... Robert Rodger 687
Destruction of the Shelton .. Lewis Mumford 689
A Tryst (*verse*) ..... Dorothy Dempsey 690
A Pre-Victorian Apostle ..... Bertram C. A. Windle 690
To a Dead Actor (*verse*) ..... Henry Longan Stuart 691
Communications 692
The Play .. R. Dana Skinner, H. L. S., T. W. 693
Spring in Kilbourney (*verse*) ..... Raymond Kresensky 694
Books ..... H. L. S., Catherine Radziwill, Ernest Brennecke, Jr., Hugh Pope 694
The Quiet Corner 699

EDUCATION AND THE PRESS

IN ANSWER to a question which figured in a recent college questionnaire—"Who wrote the Inferno?"—ninety students out of an even hundred said they hadn't the slightest idea. The fact is of relative importance at a time when this magazine, being interested in the progress of its own Dante essay contest, is mindful of Matthew Arnold's practice of submitting the claims of creative literature to a test of comparison with passages from the Divine Comedy. Might not the august exponent of culture have wondered a little if people who did not even suspect the existence of such passages could really be educated people? Speaking to them he would certainly have fancied himself in a strange land, the flat horizons of which were miles away from the mental continents he himself had loved to explore. And perhaps—it is not wholly out of the question—Arnold would have been right.

His name is of particular interest in this connection because he was one of the first to engage in the discussion, since become universal and permanent, about what education ought to be. Victorianism, concerned as it was with the popularization of culture, began to suspect that the vast crusade for degrees might lead in the end to something perilously like a devastating Byzantine impasse. Then were laid down all the powerful arguments which have since been brought to bear upon the issue in new forms. There was, first of all, Arnold's own acceptance of Huxley's scientific challenge; and in the fierce debate which ensued the case for the laboratory and the case for culture were both definitely outlined. Carlyle came next, with a violent denunciation of his alma mater as "the worst of all hitherto discovered universities," and his plea that the best educational system is "good books." Walter Pater was dedicated to a concept of living and learning in the spirit of art—of "being, not doing"—and cared scarcely a whit whether his intellectual hedonism was adapted to Mrs. Grundy's assimilative powers.

Then came Newman, subtle and magnificent in the reach of his conclusions, emphasizing what most of us have felt to be the most significant point about education, the creative, thinking mind. His "gentleman" was part Cicero and part an aspirant to diplomatic honors, but remained preëminently himself, aware of the truth that life is mostly an affair of mastered social contacts and influences, not of digested encyclopaedias engendering spiritual gout. And in more ways than are generally noticed, Emerson's demand for the emancipation of the scholar from burdens beyond carrying freely was a reinforcement, though it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may have been exaggerated and impetuous, of Newman's stand. Last but—as the convenient phrase has it—not least, Ruskin appeared with a plan for socialized schools that were to deal with the problems of labor in the spirit of labor. It was characteristic of him that he abandoned his position at Oxford because vivisection was permitted in the laboratories; but it was just as characteristic that he should have stood with all his heart and soul for schools in which the investigation of human living might have a place.

Fundamentally, the contemporary discussion of education adds little that is essential to these points of view. The Victorians simply estimated the process in the light of what kind of finished product they wished to see come forth; and, of course, everything we ourselves can do for young people is dependent upon the specifications we agree upon. At the present moment Americans are, however, more conscious of education as a "system" than mankind has ever previously been. We see that the universities are huge departmentalized corporations, the administration of which is technically bewildering; that crowds of young people, often assembled from social levels hitherto ignorant of academic life, are asked to submit to a certain routine for a given length of time; and that the faculty is like nothing so much as a company of casuals, each member of which is attached to a distinct service and hampered by his own intellectual baggage. Then, aghast as we are at the dimensions of the "culture factory," we wonder where the thing came from and what it will do.

To be or not to be is hardly the question here. Though there were ten times more system and less efficiency, the work of higher education would carry itself on. If Oliver received no more than a stone he would come back for more. The question is rather an honest inquiry after possible improvement. Sometimes it is answered by the faculty, suggestions from which vary according as the professor, like his Victorian ancestors, holds that the future educated citizen ought to be this or that. Sometimes the reply is shaped in the form of proposed "liberal" colleges or "industrial" schools, in which case the desire to break away from the incubus of system is particularly evident. And finally—as is the case of the proposal made by the Harvard Student Council that the university be divided into six separate colleges—the answer is made by the young people themselves. To which response ought we to look for the truth?

Obviously to all, because the only way in which system can be humanized is to make it 100 percent cooperative. The time has passed when the general public contentedly placed its money and its children into the hands of a few supposedly omniscient "educators." No one man—no two dozen men—can solve the infinite number of human problems which a student body presents. When Newman said he would rather have a university where young fellows got together and talked life, the world, and books rather than a place where they were marched into an intellectual cafeteria and commanded to acquire diabetes of the mind, he was abidingly right. He was right if only for the reason that everybody not intellectually amateurish who figures in education today agrees with him. Upon one thing faculty, students, and the public now stand together: the individual who applies for culture must remain an individual. He must learn to use himself and his own gifts. He must understand that the big thing is to become a fountain, not a drinking desert. And the most practical formula arrived at to express this conviction is, let the student read and think under guidance and with opportunity for discussion. Give him the treasures of learning and art, and show him how to dig.

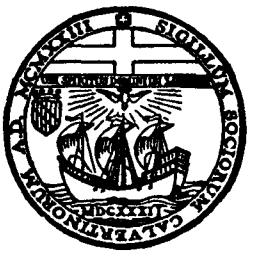
Have we gone back to Newman? Or even to Carlyle and his fondness for folios? The point is of no especial importance. But it does lead to a reflection about the rôle which is played in modern education by the man who writes. A teacher who believes in reading links arms with the littérateur. The student grows strong on the food supplied by the press. And if, therefore, it is at all essential that we should have anything in this country like education based on the tradition of Christendom, we need more and more a literature expressive of that tradition. By all means let there be buildings, lecturers, administrative guidance of every kind. But to forget the compact which the modern mind is writing between the student and reading would be mere sluggish incapacity of thought. And that does exist. Recently a religious editor, commenting upon the defection of a college librarian from the subscription list, wondered amiably if all the students were getting on with one periodical. He might have surmised, though less charitably, that the librarian had been annoyed by the accumulation of dust on that one!

Fundamentally, we need not worry, with Harvard, about whether the number of colleges is five or six. But it does concern us not a little that only five students out of a hundred are aware of Dante, for in America and out of it mankind lives spiritually by reason of its nearness to that great stream of culture of which he was one source. How shall we carry on the work of irrigation? Is it at all possible to carry it on? Well, we have the one great implement of teaching, and the other, no less great, of creative expression. The life-giving current can flow in furrows traced by the pen. And though just now the endeavor to repeat in terms of American life all the wisdom which our fathers loved when they saw it arrayed in garments of gold and light, may seem stupendous, it can be done if we exchange for doubt and lifelessness something like a corporate realization of the opportunity. America is still plastic; and if we can vision the form which should develop with the future, our modeling will be done joyfully and side by side.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE dependence of social well-being upon existing monetary values is, of course, one of the platitudes of economics. International news of the present hour directs attention to the rôle played by the tumbling franc in determining the policy of France; to the strange fact that, though Germany and England are relatively stable financially, the burden of unemployment and low purchasing power lies heavily upon both; and to the sinister importance which accrues to those who have manipulated the Vienna stock exchange. Domestic conditions are influenced sharply by such matters as the sudden run upon Cuban banks, the demand of the farmer for heavy credits to market his surplus products, and the reaction of a falling stock market upon business progress. But though we all realize how closely the financial centre is connected with all outlying production and consumption problems, few attempts have been made to analyze carefully the elements of this connection. The series of articles by Mr. Robert Rodger, which The Commonweal has been publishing, outline—for the first time in the history of United States journalism—the analysis made by Major C. H. Douglas, the English economist and industrial engineer. They deserve careful reading and ought to provoke comment from students of economics, particularly in circles which take the ethics of social reform seriously. Whether or not the program of reform suggested by Major Douglas can ever be put into effect, his ideas may be the nucleus of a coming movement toward betterment, quite in the same way as the doctrines of Ruskin or the earlier Chartists have influenced thinking and social action since the days when the victims of the industrial revolution lived in a state which a recent writer suggests in the following words: "It is grimly satisfactory to note that the infant mortality in the 'fifties amounted to nearly 50 percent of the total mortality, so large a proportion of little ones being spared the horror of life in a London rookery or slavery in mine or factory."

THAT many who consider total abstinence from alcoholic beverages a virtue, know that Volsteadism is the poorest form of moral pedagogy is a fact made very clear in an editorial which, written for the Catholic World, has attracted wide attention. As the official organ of the Paulist Fathers, the old and honored Catholic World is pledged to advocate the more austere forms of temperance. It can never overlook the great work accomplished by the sons of Father Isaac Hecker toward uprooting the evils that result from excess in drink. The voluntary practice of total abstinence, says the editorial, is a virtue which the Paulists have preached "during sixty-seven years of unremitting labor in the cause of temperance." But what of Volsteadism? "It is my own conviction (and in this I think I have the support of my brethren)," says Father Gillis, author of the editorial, "that the prohibition law was the greatest blow ever given to the temperance movement. Before prohibition the people at large were becoming more and more sober. Total abstinence had become the practice, not of a few, but of millions. There was an enormous increase in temperance, in America, in the fifty years preceding the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. Then the attitude of the multitude changed. Under the Volstead law drinking became a popular sport. The passage of the law was a psychological blunder and a moral calamity."

FATHER GILLIS is not very hopeful about what can be done in the future. No form of control, whether Swedish, Canadian, or Latin, can, he avers, alter the fact "that as a class, traditionally, those who make and sell intoxicants are an incorrigible lot of law-breakers." He expresses himself in favor of "a law that can at least be fairly well enforced," and suggests that "we must come back to the original and only true plan for improving the world—education, exhortation, moral suasion." These methods, though slow, were those of Christ. "When the prohibition laws are repealed or modified, we shall have to commence all over again to help make America sober. But let us not imagine that the job is done when the Volstead Act is repealed. That will be only the beginning. We shall then need constructive legislation built upon painstaking study of the situation." And this, it seems to us, is so true that no other aspect of the question is worthy of attention. If the makers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sellers of liquor had, like so many other leaders of other industries, realized that their well-being depended upon a careful respect for the public conscience, they might have come to seem ministers to legitimate human wants rather than blackguards who needed railroading into non-existence. As a class they have degenerated, since 1917, into the most sinister and lawless of subterranean gangs. To change this appalling situation—to make the liquor-dealer of the future amenable to control and conscious of the public weal—is the first, as it is almost the ultimate, step toward genuine reform of the trade in alcohol.

MENTAL and moral degeneracy, which are so definitely responsible for vicious crime, spring from habits against which the community is pledged to wage war. The narcotic habit especially proves more and more destructive with each year; and though sometimes its famous victims—literary men, cinema stars, sons and daughters of the wealthy—bring the monster "dope" before the public, coördinated action against it makes slow progress. Indeed, the facts concerning recent captured peddlers of heroin and other drugs prove, more than anything else, how difficult it is for the police to cope with the sinister traffic. Remedial work—call it cleaning up—must be done elsewhere and through other agencies. And so the World Conference on Narcotic Education, to be held in Philadelphia during the week of July 5, is of exceptional importance. Organized to promote an advisory program which will be placed in the hands of teachers and parents for the guidance of the young, the conference will refrain carefully from anything like an attempt to influence legislation. The delegates will represent governments, organizations, and institutions; and the committee of action includes among its members distinguished representatives of the clergy, the professions, and the various fields of public service. We think that the result ought to be much more than merely helpful. It should indicate the opportunity which exists for training manhood and womanhood away from appalling subservience to disease. Now, just as in the time of Francis Thompson, many people do not realize "that children are brought up in sin from their cradles, that they know evil before they know good, that the boys are ruffians and profligates, the girls harlots in the mother's womb."

MANY a man has agreed with Dr. Johnson that experience is the only kind of education which ought not to be forgotten. And yet we sometimes lose sight of even the most crucial tests to which we, either as individuals or communally, have been put. We dream back to roses oddly stripped of thorns; we return mentally to the desert and forget the oasis and its palms. While it is true that the American historian of the present is conscious of a growing popular interest in the country's past, and generously determined to create a reliable contour of that past, he realizes fully that the vast majority of his fellow-citizens are curiously unaware of definite epic moments during which the trend of human tradition was decided. And so he, together with the rest of us, will be interested in the search for a satisfactory monograph on early Maryland history which is now being promoted through the generous gift which we call the Archbishop of Baltimore Prize, explained in full elsewhere in this issue.

EVER since his appointment to the historic see, Archbishop Curley has been aware of how great a fund of inspiration and encouragement lies in the comparatively neglected story of the Calverts and their companion colonists. It is a story which, while adding to the chivalric beauty of what we remember as the "Old South," will call attention to a stark modern need—the need of toleration between men and women who share the blessings of republican life, and of renewed determination to build existing communities in conformity with ideals which are part of local history. We hope that the invitation will be responded to generously, so that the winning essay may fill worthily the literary niche which is waiting for it. But of still greater importance is the thought that, because of the stimulus to study which the Archbishop of Baltimore has afforded, more Americans—especially young Americans—will be led to examine records telling of vision, battle, principles, and defeat with that simple dramatic truth which somehow is only the property of facts.

DR. ALES HRDLICKA, recently honored with the award of the Huxley Memorial Medal, happens to be engaged in the kind of scientific work which the average citizen can readily appreciate. Discussions of racial characteristics—even theories about the relative superiority of one racial type to another—now interest dinner-table gatherings and informal groups in the smoking room. If Dr. Hrdlicka is correct in assuming that a definite American type is gradually being developed, he will bring science to the support of those who believe that the real American did not step, full-grown, from any early vessel. Even more interesting are his speculations concerning the affinities between the American Indian and certain surviving Mongolian race types. Once the fact were established that the Indian came from Asiatic districts, it might be reasonable to conclude that a human type which has degenerated below a given form cannot easily be restored to the level of civilization. The primitive would be, therefore, not a man who had failed to "get a start," but simply a man who had gone so far in the wrong direction that readjustment and rightness of development were impossible. It would follow—and the point is salutary—that everything depends upon what trend is taken by the developing American "type." If this is suffered to de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generate into various forms of barbarism, industrial or otherwise, the outcome will be calamitous. And certainly science might make it the object of an interesting study to see if a few isolated and practically illiterate groups in this country are not already the victims of a decadence which will soon have placed them beyond the pale of social redemption.

SOMEWHERE or another, in the business statistics issued during the past two years, an annual item of $100,000 had been lurking unsuspected, whose history it has recently been the concern of the United States Post Office, for departmental reasons of its own, to trace to its source. "K, 17" has contributed its not inconsiderable share to the volume of the American prosperity which is the envy of the world at large. It has created its own ripple on the surface of economics; entailing, as it must have done, builders' estimates, purchase of commercial supplies, hiring of labor and office help. It has brought the pay envelope into many a modest home. It has (this may be ventured with certainty) taken concrete form in one of the sleek and seemly homes that are the boast of our "select districts." And now, with a single blow, the federal postal authorities have laid the axe at the root of the flourishing tree. They have done so by forbidding "K, 17," a specific for deafness on which this elaborate fabric was reared, the privileges of their mail service. "K, 17" has been declared, officially and circumstantially, as palpable a fraud as a door painted on a back set, or a lath and plaster wall at Hollywood through which a walking stick could be pushed. Be it noted that "K, 17" is not outlawed because it is proved harmful, or unsocial, or a menace in any way to the thousand odd institutions that spend their lives in a chronic condition of viewing with alarm—but simply and solely because, professing to cure deafness "in 999 cases out of 1,000," it cannot offer scientific proof that it can cure in one. One wonders just how many guaranteed panaceas and specifics to cure our social ills, which heavy thinkers are distilling and packaging, judged by the same scientific standard, would find the doors of the post office closed in their plausible faces.

REFERENDUM—in other words, the gathering of opinions from individuals themselves rather than trust in what interested bodies collect and deliver en masse —is very much in the air today, and it is to be hoped that the government will take the suggestion contained in the letter from Bishop Noll, of Fort Wayne, printed in a recent number of our contemporary, America, and add a dotted line to the decennial census providing for some declaration of religious affiliation. As the Bishop remarks, reinforcing a letter already published on the subject from Mr. Thomas F. Meehan, there seems no good reason why this work should be left to a separate religious census, gathered in from ecclesiastical bodies, when so simple a substitute is at hand. There are many reasons why the former system fails to do justice to the volume of the Catholic body and rather more than justice to others.

CATHOLIC parishes are not organized on the social and corporate lines of those of our Protestant brethren. They contain a large number of "floaters" and foreign born, who may worship for years without their names ever becoming known to the head of the parish. On the other hand, it is no secret, as Bishop Noll points out, that once upon the books of the very creditably organized Protestant parish, a name very seldom comes off. Old members are reported decennially though they have ceased church attendance altogether or have gone to other parishes to swell their statistics in turn. Only so simple and direct a method as inviting every citizen to declare the religion which he or she personally desires to be credited with, can be relied on to give a fair picture of the religious distribution of the United States, and if it does not contain a surprise for those relying on previous figures, we ourselves shall be surprised.

THE doctrine of evolution has been expounded recently in at least two connections for which the peace-loving citizen was not fully prepared. In urging Congress to refrain from lying down with the lions, wine and beer, the president of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions rested her case upon a scientific prophecy: "The whole world is bending over with expectancy to see what we in the United States are going to do with the matter of prohibition. If we should fail, it would set the clock of moral progress back fifty or one hundred years." The United States, we judge from this pronouncement, determines what is central standard moral time. But the clock will journey on regardless, allowing for the unfortunate delay of fifty or one hundred years, because that is a habit to which clocks are faithful. Clocks and evolution, that is; but the really uncanny difference seems to be: those who clamor for the halting of evolution by law are those who demand the going on of moral clocks by law. Perhaps this difference can be accounted for, in the case of the Federation of Women's Boards, by the tactless announcement made a few days ago by a Johns Hopkins professor. According to this erudite observer, woman evolves far less rapidly than man. Physically she remains much nearer the infant than her lord and master; and though the fact may have a pedagogical value as indicating the proper feminine position in life, it remains—at least so the professor tells us—independent of heredity and environment. We cannot support so ruthless and uncompromising a theory of development. Nor, to tell the truth, can we see any reason for upholding a theory of "moral clocks" as dictatorial as the one proposed by the president of the federation. Some assumptions are so huge that one can only suppose,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as Doctor Johnson is reported to have said, that "the fallacious tendency to enforce our own deductions without regard for those of others is deeply rooted in human nature."

THOSE who are friendly toward the classics ought to derive genuine comfort from the news that three plays by Roswitha were recently produced for the first time at the Lawren Theatre Studio, New York City. The studio is uncompromisingly modern; and though the plays have aged considerably since they were first written in a Benedictine convent during the ninth century, they can never be wholly apart from eternal human life. In its presentation, the troupe, which was under the direction of Wladimir Nelidoff, sought to regain the atmosphere of older days and to refrain from naturalizing, in the post-Shavian fashion, drama which was fundamentally imaginative. Roswitha combined the delicate courtesy of an educated Christian woman with that honest plainness of expression which those who lived in an unconventional time had learned from their environment. As a dramatist she was a sort of crusader, hoping to replace with earnest, spiritual plays, based on the great epos of Christian martyrdom and conquest, the cynical comedy of Terence. In her own age she was not successful either as a writer for the stage nor as a connecting link between classical letters and mediaeval life. But today her work is extremely interesting for a number of reasons. It impresses us, first of all, by reason of the fervent force with which it gives form to the ideal of virginity—that discovery of a nobler passion than the world had yet dreamed of, for which men and women were glad to die. Then, too, it opens the mind to speculation about the culture which had survived through the attacks of barbarism because of the energetic conservatism of the Church. Roswitha was an educated poet. She had learned the world's humanistic lesson. In company with many of her companion religious women, she lived as one who, seeking the mystic simplicity of saintly affection, carefully preserved the artistic gifts which the Master had showered upon the race, because they were tokens of His love and symbols of His abiding beauty.

HARSH things and thoughtless things (the two are generally found together) have been said of Rotary. Nevertheless, one imagines that from one end of America to another, in groups most sophisticated as well as in circles most—we had almost said "rotarian" ourselves from sheer force of sheeplike imitation—not a dissenting voice will mar the chorus of praise that attends the bestowal by the New York body of its annual gold medal "for outstanding services to humanity during the year" upon Mother Alphonsa Lathrop. When this gracious and gifted lady took up her work of charity, in a two-room tenement and with a capital smaller than is written on many a supper-check, a sort of superstitious horror rested upon the mere word "cancer." As with leprosy long ago, it is the fashion of the world to avert its face in horror from evils which it cannot cure, even when its heart is moved and its purse-strings loosened. The full measure of the heroism of Mother Lathrop and her devoted companions is not understood unless we carry our minds back to days when cancer was believed to be both incurable and almost inevitably infectious. Medical research is clearing away many of the misconceptions that rested upon the disease, and the future holds reasonable hope for those early marked out by its symptoms. Nothing that will ever be discovered, however, can abate the debt of gratitude that humanity owes Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter for the work done on behalf of those who have passed beyond the power of science to cure but not beyond the power of charity to comfort. "Soldier of love, friend of the poor, hope of the hopeless," reads the citation accompanying the award. Rotary has done a fine thing, and has done it in the fine manner.

IT was a year ago last week since the first number of G. K.'s Weekly appeared in London. As its editor wittily remarks, the anniversary has not been celebrated in England with the sending up of any rockets. Nevertheless, we insist on burning a little Roman candle all our own in its honor, the modest glow of which we trust will reach across the Atlantic. To see eye to eye with Mr. Chesterton has not been an invariable experience during the last year of his journalistic enterprise. A general instinct that his conclusions are right in ninety cases out of a hundred does not blind us to a suspicion that the same ratio does not hold true of his arguments. Like the winding English road of which he has sung so wisely and well, these are not seldom twisted aside perversely by his prejudices, and it is no real extenuation to have to own that along these detours lie some of his happiest excursions.

UPON our own country his comments are often bitter and hasty. His passionate Franciscan love for all that is little and lowly tempts him, we believe, to harsh judgments for all things that are big by no fault of their own. He has also a firm trust in the power of some integrity inherent in Englishmen to set things right eventually, which we, who come of more mixed stock and inherit other traditions, cannot always share in like measure. These are minor failings. If we offer them on such an occasion, it is perhaps only that the message of our enthusiasm may be kept wholesome through its long journey by the admixture of a little saving salt. A famous author has told us that the memory of Dr. Johnson "sweetens the whole eighteenth century." The twentieth has a miasma all its own. No one has done and is doing more to keep it respirable than Chesterton. Ad multos annos.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

AGAINST the turbulent background of wet and dry contention which has raged before the Senate investigating committee, there has begun to appear, although in somewhat nebulous form, a much more fundamental issue which threatens to supersede prohibition as a subject of political controversy. If the hearings have accomplished no other purpose, they have helped to put the whole matter of prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Volstead Act, in proper perspective, giving it the aspect not of a disputation over an isolated social or economic problem, but of a clash in a larger and much more significant struggle between liberal and conservative hosts which might eventually rock the fabric of government.

While the drys were laying down a barrage of statistics and the wets were deploying and manoeuvering before the Senate committee to demonstrate their voting strength, suggestions that went to the root of the controversy crept into the testimony. Andrew Furuseth, for example, who has a fashion of clothing his philosophy in the habiliments of actuality, expressed the belief, which seemed to carry conviction, that it was useless to attempt to reform human conduct by legislation. He had seen, he said, the futility of the effort to make the seaman sober by branding the purveying of liquor a crime. The same thought was expressed by others and echoed on the floor of the Senate by Senator Bruce, who expressed the hope that he was going to be "a Daniel that will come to such a judgment as to sweep away all these unnatural and artificial restrictions." So often was it reiterated that it raised in the minds of many the question, not whether prohibition was effective or ineffective, nor whether it was good or bad, but whether the dry policy was not the manifestation of a trend in government that did violence to the most cherished of liberal principles which have been enshrined in the Bill of Rights.

Listening to the testimony one might or might not have had doubts of the expediency of prohibition and the possibilities of effective enforcement, but one could not easily escape the conclusion that this, after all, was a minor matter. The real issue lay between two elemental forces of government—the one contending for the preservation of individual rights and liberties against the encroachments of legislation, the other for the right of the majority to dictate the national policy without hindrance or limitation so long as the Constitution could be stretched to suit its purposes.

The drama was evident, though the action was implied rather than portrayed. Liberalism was at last in open revolt and the conservative forces of reform had their backs to the wall, fighting not only for the established order represented by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, but for their existence. No prophetic vision was required to foresee that if the gates of prohibition were battered down, the whole citadel of reform by legislation would be in danger of falling.

The clash over prohibition, important as it may be, is only one offensive along a far-flung battle line. The Lankford Sunday observance bill has begot no less rancorous discussion, revealing an unusually widespread interest in the proposed regulation of the Sabbath conduct of the people of the District of Columbia who are so often made the victims of the propensity to set up a national example. The proposal for alien registration is tinged with the same hue. The foreigner who casts his lot with America must give assurance that he is dancing to the regulated domestic tune. Attempts in several of the states to "outlaw" evolution and preserve the integrity of literal biblical interpretation by statute are of a similar pattern. All of these lie in the no-man's land of legislative controversy between the liberal and conservative hosts. If the wets breach the defenses of the entrenched drys, it is almost inevitable that the whole line will crumble.

The tide seems to have set in against "over-legislation." The drys at the moment are bearing the brunt of the attack because they have extended their legislative salient far into liberal territory. The situation in which they find themselves is not dissimilar to that which prevailed in New England in the eighteenth century when, under a theocratic system, precise rules of conduct were prescribed by law. The liberals of that day overthrew the system by ignoring it, in spite of the thundering invective of Jonathan Edwards and his brethren who painted God as an avenging monster bespattered with the blood of his wilful creatures. In the present instance the missionary societies, the Board of Temperance and Public Morals of the Methodist Church, and various other organizations with a religious background stand in somewhat the same position, fortified, however, by the Eighteenth Amendment.

If the testimony of the wets is to be accepted, the method by which encroachment upon liberal prerogative is resisted is the same now as it was then. And this resistance is met in much the same fashion as the New England divines met the liberalism of their day—by declaring that it is contrary to the established order.

It is quite possible that in retrospect the Senate inquiry will appear as the first step in the recrudescence of liberalism which is too deeply ingrained in the American political character to vanish altogether, and there is some ground for the prediction that within the next few years—if the time is not now at hand—it will be crystallized into an expression of political purpose. That it has not reached this stage sooner is probably due to the fact that prohibition and similar questions have, owing largely to the disintegration of the party system, been treated as local and not as national issues, although they are subjects for congressional thought.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INTEREST IN LITURGY

THE feeling that sacred liturgy is both a masterpiece of sublime expression and a guide to nobler living has grown and deepened everywhere during the past years. Was it that the war revealed the colorlessness of purely abstract moral conviction—the frequent emptiness of mere preaching? Or is it that after these long centuries of glum reformative coldness men are venturing once again to recognize the spiritual usefulness of art? Christian liturgy and Christian beauty seem to go hand in hand; where one is lost sight of, the other deteriorates also. Those who recall the brief passage in Ludwig Lewisohn's autobiography which refers to his awestruck momentary recognition of the radiance of the Mass will remember also the thought which accompanied the reading—the thought of how much magnetic force there lies in the consecrated form which ages of devotion have given to the hidden dogmatic belief.

And so reports of the progress of liturgical feeling in other countries than our own have a salutary effect. They illustrate the community spirit in which the supreme acts of Catholic worship are celebrated universally. What follows is a series of passages from a lengthy letter written by a young Viennese journalist. It seems very interesting because, instead of urging a point of view upon others, it simply recounts a beautiful personal experience:

"During the year 1919, the internationally known scholar and priest, P. Wilhelm Schmidt, began to give a series of 'liturgical exercises' in the monastery of Saint Gabriel, near Vienna. I had several opportunities to be in attendance and felt that I grew spiritually because of them. While the exercises of Saint Ignatius have for their purpose to recall to men's minds the great truths and problems of destiny, the liturgical exercises are devoted chiefly to a detailed exposition of the Holy Mass. In fact, the two systems can be combined. As a result the sacred Sacrifice becomes so living a reality, the short prayers surrender so much of their riches to the observer, and the conferences offer so vast a material for reflection, that it becomes easy to enter with one's whole heart into the spirit of the service. Perhaps I should add that the exercises were given each year during the impressive three last days of Holy Week.

"Two years after Father Schmidt inaugurated his work, he had gathered an audience of sixty students, most of whom were in attendance at the university. Later on, ten of us began to come together every Friday for attendance at a 'liturgical Mass,' which was said by the university chaplain. We arose at an early hour and always arranged to decorate the chapel ourselves. Then we said the prayers in common, joining with the priest in the recitation of Latin portions of the ordinary, and listening to one of our members read the remaining portions aloud in German. Care was taken to follow exactly, so that we could make the proper responses to the ministrant. As a result we felt that we were really a brotherhood. And after Communion we went to the chaplain's room, where we breakfasted in common. There followed a short exposition of the liturgy, and often there was a discussion of practical topics in connection with the subject.

"Gradually we felt that our effort needed encouragement from important personalities. We believed that in this day and age there are far too many programs and not enough great men qualified for leadership. Our first effort was to interest young people in what we were doing. The results were so gratifying that in a short while we had organized seven groups like our own, which met weekly for Mass and Communion. Gradually the study of Scripture was also taken up, in a way which provided brief readings and comment at regular periods. Of course, we remained for a long while, conscious of the fact that we were rather isolated from the great majority of the faithful, and we tried hard to gain the adherence of priests and older laymen. Finally, during 1925, we instituted a 'liturgical week,' which has much of the character of a retreat, and during the course of which many noted priests delivered addresses.

"One month later, the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, impressed by the fact that this expression of interest in the liturgy had originated primarily with laymen, formed what is known as the Liturgical Circle of Priests. This professes to be no more than a union of priests who take a deep interest in the conduct of sacred worship; and it may be said to trace its origin to an assembly which, called together by the hierarchy, enabled priests from all parts of central Europe to meet for liturgical discussion and improvement. The proceedings, including addresses by some of the most prominent among our ecclesiastical scholars, are described in a little book which may be obtained from the monastery of Saint Gabriel, Vienna. And today we can report that there is to be both another assembly of the Liturgical Assembly and a determined effort to arouse the enthusiasm of the common people in the work undertaken. We realize fully, in retrospect, that what remains to be done is to make the movement serve, really and truly, the development of interior life."

We have no doubt that the effort will lead to still greater success. It might not be difficult to imitate it in the United States; and certainly a group that had absorbed the spirit of the liturgy would be a group well prepared to serve its country and its faith. Whatever can vitalize the spiritual life of our time should be viewed as a memorable necessity, so that the coming Eucharistic Congress, emphasizing as it does the central liturgical reality, ought to prove a beginning rather than a culmination. It cannot be forgotten that one of the most beautiful portions of the liturgy was written for the feast of Corpus Christi.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATE AND CHURCH IN MEXICO

By PATRICK J. WARD

TO put a true value on the ethico-political relations between Church and state in Mexico would seem to require little exposition or analysis beyond a careful reading of the clauses dealing with religious property and the exercise of religious functions. The provisions of the Constitution of 1857 with the subsequent Laws of Reform passed from time to time under that constitution, and the embodiment and expansion of these laws in the new Constitution of 1917 are sufficiently clear to break down the claim of the Mexican government that it is carrying out a policy of separation of Church and state. Ordinary intelligence has been singularly lacking in the general public discussion of the question, and it would seem that much of the criticism of the Church and of the religious conditions generally is based on the word of spokesmen for the Mexican government rather than on a knowledge of the history of the adoption of these constitutions and their actual provisions. The mere mention of Church and politics in Mexico has produced reactions varying all the way from complete forgetfulness or ignorance of facts, to unreasoning condemnation and hatred of the Catholic Church, losing sight of the destructive influence of the Mexican constitution on religion as a whole and not merely on Catholicism.

The attempted separation of Church and state under the Constitution of 1857 had for its background such movements as had been going on in Europe and other parts of Latin America during the preceding half century. As in Europe, the attack on religion was largely the work of the bourgeoisie eager to grow rich and powerful on the plundered lands and property of the Church, which at that time were decidedly worth the effort to acquire. In addition to this motive, the assault was in harmony with that new liberalism determined everywhere to break down authority in its most powerful stronghold—the Church. The Church was denied her natural rights, her property was sequestrated, and her clergy and religious were deprived of their civil rights.

Separation of Church and state may be attained by simply depriving the Church of the means of interfering directly in politics, though in other countries like America, where separation of Church and state works satisfactorily, clergy are not deprived of the franchise; or it may be carried out by releasing the Church from state support and subservience to government control and by leaving her to provide for her own upkeep and concern herself solely with the people's spiritual welfare. The Constitution of 1917 has gone to the other extreme, and though it cannot be said to have the approval of the Mexican people, it has placed in the nation the right of interfering in the Church's special domain—for example, in the supervision of religious services, the defining of the condition of religious vocations, and the regulating of education for the priesthood. State laws also regulate the spiritual care of the people and exercise a tyrannical dominion over the priest by insisting that he marry.

Under the Constitution of 1857 there were enacted Laws of Reform—notably, the law of July 12, 1857, which decreed that all property administered by secular and regular clergy became the property of the state. The law of September 25, 1873, forbade religious institutions to hold property or get revenue from property. The law of October 10, 1874, declared that the direct ownership of the churches nationalized by the law of 1859 continued to reside in the nation. By the law of February 5, 1861, all parochial residences, episcopal palaces, and dwellings of the heads of denominations were declared inalienable and free from taxation while used for their specific purposes. It is worth while to compare Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917, which declares that "espiscopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, or collegiate establishments, or religious institutions, or convents . . . shall forthwith vest as of full right in the nation, to be used exclusively for the public services of the federation or of the states within their respective jurisdictions." The law of October 10, 1874, decreed that the "exclusive use, preservation, and improvement [of the churches] remains with the religious institutions to which they have been granted."

Previous to 1857, the relations between Church and state were colonial. Mexico was part of New Spain and everything rested on royal permission. Churches, schools, universities, all institutions, whether of culture or of charity, were erected and kept going by the generosity of the Spanish kings. There would have been little education or religious provision were it for not the Spanish kings. They were most prodigal in these things. All these institutions and their regulation were the property and preserve of the Spanish monarch. Now they are the property and preserve of the Mexican government, not by lawful inheritance but by usurpation. The Mexican government clothes itself in the royal purple of kingly dispensation. Kingly arrogance never declaimed with greater gusto, "L'etat, c'est moi," than does the Mexican government now declare, "L'eglise, c'est moi."

The Constitution of 1917 is, if anything, more radical and more sweeping than the Constitution of 1857 and the laws enacted thereunder. It is a point

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for consideration, since the Constitution of 1917 (as also that of 1857) vests church property and rights in the nation, whether this constitution is authorized by the nation in view of the fact that when Carranza called for the election in 1915 several states did not recognize him and he made the provision that the franchise was only to be exercised by known supporters of his party. The elections were, moreover, supervised by the Carranza army.

I have before me some twenty editorials from all over the United States, some approving the Mexican government, but most of them gently chiding it. All of them take separation of Church and state in Mexico for granted. That separation is a myth, a lie. That is the vital fact for the American public to hear, learn, and inwardly digest. Mexico's revolutionary junta, not the people, has constituted itself a super-church with the rights of conscience vested in its arbitrary government. Further, it has set up a state church which exists by virtue of that church's recognition of the government's right over its conscience, and by its conformity to state laws regulating its ritual and membership. Thus we have the peculiar and, as far as the writer knows, unique phenomenon of a state church, brought into existence by a government, ostensibly for the purpose of vindicating the rights of religion and freedom of conscience, which is at the same time constitutionally denied all judicial entity and all civil rights by the organic law under which, and owing to which, it came into being.

Let us take those phases of the Constitution of 1917 which utterly destroy the separation of Church and state story. First, regarding property, Article 27 states: "places of public worship are the property of the nation." They may cease to be places of worship according to the whim of the federal government. The federal government is the dispenser of the means for carrying on religious worship. The same article continues: "buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching of the tenets of any religious creed shall forthwith vest as of full right directly in the nation." Similarly, "all places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the nation."

Then regarding the rights of conscience, Article 130 lays down: "The federal authorities shall have power to exercise, in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical forms, such interventions as by law authorized. All other officials shall act as auxiliaries to the federal authorities." Article 24 provides that: "Every religious act of public worship shall at all times be under governmental supervision."

Governmental supervision consists in licensing the individual minister of religion, licensing the place of worship, determining the number of ministers and places of worship; and the constitution determines who shall and who shall not be a minister of the gospel. Article 130 enacts: "Ministers of religious creeds shall be considered as persons exercising a profession," and so ministers of religion require examination and licensing as in the professions. The same article lays down: "Before dedicating a new temple of worship for public use, permission shall be obtained from the Department of the Interior," a permission dependent on the "opinion of the governor of the respective state." Article 130 dignifies the minister of religion with the position of janitor in a place of public worship, making him officially responsible to its landlord and owner, the Mexican government, "for the faithful performance of the laws on religious observances within the said place of worship," and making him responsible also for "all objects used for the purposes of worship."

If there be any doubt in the public mind as to the complete control of clerical appointments exercised by the state through local authority, a control exercised by the Spanish kings in the days of the established Church, such a doubt will be dispersed by the following provision of Article 130: "The caretaker of each place of public worship, together with ten citizens, shall promptly advise the municipal authorities as to the person [i.e., the minister] charged with the care of the said place of worship. The outgoing minister shall in every instance give notice of any change, for which purpose he shall be accompanied by the incoming minister and ten other citizens of the place." Even the municipal authorities, under penalty of dismissal and fine, are threatened by the government for failure to carry out this provision to the letter: "The municipal authorities, under penalty of dismissal and fine not exceeding 1,000 pesos for each breach, shall be responsible for the exact performance of this provision; they shall keep a register of the places of worship and another of the caretakers thereof, subject to the same penalty as above provided. The municipal authorities shall likewise give notice to the Department of the Interior through the state governor of any permission to open to the public use a new place of worship as well as of any change of caretakers." In the case of an avowed state-established church, no closer grip could be exercised over the personnel of its clergy than by these provisions of the constitution.

It is important to note the distinction between the provisions of the constitution which are the direct concern of the federal government, and the delegated authority to the states. Permission to dedicate new places of worship is reserved to the opinion of the governors of the respective states. By the same comprehensive Article 130, "the state legislatures shall have the exclusive power of determining the maximum number of ministers of religious creeds according to the needs of each locality." The state governments thus exercise in this regard the function which a Catholic bishop exercises in the United States and elsewhere. The federal government takes care that the state governments are not remiss in their duty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It will be recalled that in March, 1925, the Permanent Commission of Congress called the attention of the state governments to Article 130 and this provision, urging them to see that it was carried out. The state of Tabasco fixed the number at one priest for 30,000 people. Actually, there are now three priests to look after 180,000 people. The state of Jalisco fixed the proportion at one priest for every 6,000 persons. In the state of Michoacáan, Morelia proposes now to provide one priest for every 5,000 Catholics, the population being 50,000. The limiting of the clergy naturally limits the number of places of worship.

Article 130 again decrees that "only a Mexican by birth may be a minister of any religious creed in Mexico." By this article the Mexican government ensures that the Mexican people shall have spiritual advisers educated to just that brand of religion which it permits to function and which it controls and sterilizes through Article 3. This clause lays down the principle that "primary instruction, whether higher or lower, given in private institutions shall be likewise secular. No religious corporation nor minister of any religious creed shall establish or direct schools of primary instruction. Private primary schools may be established only subject to official supervision."

A year ago there suddenly sprang into the Mexican picture the "Mexican Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic church" with its "patriarch and primate," Don Jose Joaquin Perez. It first came to light, that is artificial light, including torches, on the night of February 21, 1925, in the seizure of the Church of La Soledad in Mexico City. The fact that the first overt act of the establishment occurred in the darkness of the night rather than in the ordinary course of the day, and with due notice, marks it as a predetermined thing and, as it turned out, under government approval and protection. The "patriarch and primate" himself conducted the proceedings, proclaiming his authority as "the authority of the sovereign people" and, by inference, of the Mexican government. The bewildered incumbent of the Church was refused police protection when he asked for it. Documents were laid before the police authority by the Perez sect, and the evicted priest was told the seizure was by permission of the constituted authority and nothing could be done. The police and soldiery threw their whole weight on the side of the Cismaticos and the Catholic priest was driven out, and church and rectory were turned over to the schismatic and officially sanctioned church, at all events for the time being, for the government was still, as it is now, the religious authority and dispenser of religious emoluments. Other churches were seized in the same way, notably the Church of Coatopec, the Church of Corpus Christi in Mexico City, and churches in Tabasco. Patriarch Perez was not left long in possession by the religious authority. La Soledad was turned over for a museum to Dr. Puig, a gentleman widely fêted on his recent tour through the United States. The Mexican government has the sovereign right to give churches to its established religion or take them away as it pleases. As in the case of all established religions, the churches are the property of the nation. A non-Catholic Mexican writer, Sanch, said in regard to the seizure of La Soledad: "The action of the government amounts to the supporting by the government of a religious sect to the disadvantage of another religious sect and is therefore a close approximation to the reëstablishment of a state religion."

It is not the fault of the Mexican government if the Cismaticos have failed to hold the advantages which the government backing gave them. It is rather due to the deep Catholic religious spirit of the Mexican people, now deprived of spiritual ministration, and their loyalty to the Faith which has done so much for them in spite of the long continued turbulence of revolution. The fact remains that the government set up this church, supported it by arms, and installed it in confiscated Catholic churches, which were vested in the nation! It exists down to this moment, its "cathedral" being the Church of Corpus Christi in Mexico City. Thus has the separation of Church and state in Mexico gone aglimmering. If any additional evidence were required to show the groundlessness of the contention it will be found in reading that part of Article 130 which forbids a minister of religion to hold office or even to have a vote, and then to know that at this very moment the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Aaron Saenz, and the Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, Moises Saenz, are both Protestant ministers of religion.

I think enough has been said and sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove that separation of Church and state in Mexico under the Constitution of 1917, for the truth of which contention the American public takes the word of Mexican politicians and American newspapers, is quite opposed to truth. Every item of the constitution dealing with religion turns religion back into the state as if it emanated from there. A state church has been set up and is still going. The Mexican government has arbitrarily constituted itself the dictator of men's consciences and the purveyor of their religious practice.

Petition

I do not ask your smile,
Your kiss,
Your April years;
I only crave what none may miss,
Your fears.

I do not beg the flower,
The fruit,
Your summer wears;
Some winter hour when joy is mute,
Give me your tears.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ITALIAN EMPIRE AND TUNIS

By MARTYN HEMPHILL

ON the day after his attempted assassination by a foreign citizen, Mussolini carried out his original program of sailing for the Italian colony of Tripoli in North Africa. Perhaps he even rejoiced at the opportunity it gave him of showing once again that he put Italy above all things. It certainly has given his expedition to Tripoli world-wide advertisement. As always, there is the grand gesture. Mussolini, "il Duce," leader of Fascism, premier of Italy, lord of Italy's army and navy and air force, sails away from the shores of the new imperial Italy toward the land of hope and promise, Africa, where rests the nucleus of the Italian colonial empire. The embarkation is at the mouth of the historic Tiber. The dictator boards Italy's super-dreadnought flagship, the Conte di Cavour. His escort consists of fifteen men-of-war, and his parting words to the leaders of Italian Fascism are: "We are a Mediterranean people, and our destiny has been and always will be on the sea."

Mussolini's trip to Africa has been received with a flood of comment. He himself has proclaimed that it is aimed at "the awakening of the colonial spirit" in the Italian people. His Fascist supporters see in this voyage the beginning of the great expansion of the new Italy. It is regarded as a significant step in the path of Rome. The Italian empire sends its Fascist vanguard, the spiritual descendants of the Roman legionaries, with Mussolini, the modern Caesar, at their head, to establish its first firm foothold on that very North African seaboard which was one of the earliest of Rome's proconsular provinces.

All this talk of empire may be ascribed by some to the Latin love of oratory. There is, however, a real political significance in this latest move of Mussolini's. Though the actual destination of the expedition is the Italian possession, Tripoli, all eyes are focused upon the neighboring French protectorate in Tunis with its preponderant Italian population. The enthusiastic speech-making and editorial-writing of Italian imperialists have not passed unnoticed in France, where any step taken in North Africa is apt to be regarded with suspicion. The British, also, are interested in any attempt to dominate the Mediterranean, where their main fleet is stationed with its base at the semi-Italian island of Malta, cutting the lines of communication between Italy and North Africa.

In going to Tripoli, Mussolini is conscious of making an international gesture. His main motive is to indicate that Italy is bent on Mediterranean expansion, now that her ever-growing population is barred from an adequate emigration to the Americas. The two fields where there is a possibility of such expansion are Asia Minor and North Africa. Nearly a hundred years' experience in North Africa has taught the French how difficult a task is the foundation of a colonial empire. They look on with little real concern while Mussolini parades his picturesque Arabs and makes grandiose speeches. One thing they fear—that is the disturbing influence of such Italian propaganda upon the Italians in Tunis.

There are fewer Italian residents in the Italian Tripoli than in the French Tunis. Tripoli, it will be remembered, was the Italian spoil from the Turks as the result of the war of 1911-12. With the occupation of Giarabub, an oasis in the hinterland on the borders of Egypt, last year, in accordance with the allied promises made to Italy to induce her to enter the war in 1915, the Italians have consolidated their position in Tripoli. There seems, however, to be small possibility of development in a country which is mostly desert. Unfortunately for her, Italy was a late entrant in the colonial competition leading to the "partition of Africa" in the last century. Her only share has been a small and more or less inaccessible district of Abyssinia south of the Sudan, which was granted her largely out of the kindness of England's heart.

There was no Mussolini in those days. Nothing came Italy's way and she was not powerful enough to insist on having her share. Nor did it matter very much whether she had colonies or not, as the immigration problem did not yet exist and the surplus population of Italy went where it willed to North and South America, to England, the British Dominions, and to the French protectorate in Tunis. Today, the former outlets with the exception of South America —and even there restrictions are being enforced to a considerable extent—are closed, and with the growth of the Italian population the situation in Tunis has become acute.

Before the French protectorate was established in Tunis in 1868, the Italians had already established a large settlement in the bey's dominions. The ingenuity of Bismarck led him to encourage the French to occupy Tunis and make enemies of the Italians at a time when he was meditating the campaign of 1870. Tunis has proved an invaluable aid to the French in their colonization of North Africa—apart from the comparative fertility of its soil for that region, it is a point of extreme strategic importance; it covers the flank of the French development as far as Algiers, and is indispensable for the lines of communication with their African possessions; and situated as it is, at a point where the Mediterranean narrows down to a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short stretch of comparatively shallow water suitable for mine-laying between Sicily and North Africa, it is a valuable naval base.

If the Italians are seriously thinking of dominating the Mediterranean, Tunis, which lies within a few miles of ancient Carthage, Rome's historical rival in the Mediterranean, would be an invaluable asset. Actually, the vast majority of the European residents in Tunis are of Italian nationality. One estimate claims over one hundred thousand Italians to some forty thousand French. The Italians are too near home to forget their nationality and become Frenchmen with good grace. The French authorities look with suspicion on the large foreign element and have been endeavoring to enforce strict educational and other measures with a view to making the European residents of Tunis, or at any rate their children, French in their sympathies and in their citizenship.

The Irridentist problem in Tunis is serious. As far as government is concerned, the majority, i.e., the Italian population, are in the minority. Practically speaking, they have no say. They could alter this by becoming French citizens. They do not wish to do this, nor does their home government encourage them to forget their Italian antecedents. When the French assumed the protectorate, and again in 1896, they agreed by treaty to protect Italian interests in Tunis. Lately, the French authorities have insisted on the complete control of education by the University of France, with no exception for Italians. The Italian press (and the opinion expressed has been that of the government) has seethed with indignation at what is regarded as a suppression of Italian nationality. Inevitably, attention is called to the indisputable fact that Italy has a population of forty odd millions, which grows at the rate of some half million a year, and France has only 36,000,000 that do not increase. Yet France has enormous African territories and Italy only the practically worthless Tripoli and Abyssinia.

There is a real problem, and feeling runs high, on occasion, in the two countries. France is peculiarly touchy about interference in Africa. Perhaps the parallel is forced, but when Mussolini set out on the Conte di Cavour for North Africa, we thought of the Kaiser's landing at Algiers and his speech in 1904, and of another warship that put in at Agadir in 1907. But Mussolini has gone to Tripoli, and Tripoli is not Tunis—it is Italian.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By MARK O. SHRIVER

IN the year 1925 the men and women of the Catholic Evidence Guild delivered 4,635 lectures in Hyde Park and on scattered street corners throughout London. The speakers dealt with one single topic, Catholicism, and the purpose of them all, the immediate object, was not so much the making of converts as the instruction of the English in Catholic doctrine.

There are thirty other guilds, similar to that of London, or Westminster, which function in many sections of the kingdom, and in far-off Australia. One central idea dominates all their activity, and that idea is the mass production of competent outdoor exponents of Catholicism with reliance placed not on brilliant individuals but on the common power of united action. There are only a few American Catholics who have any more than heard of these guilds and for most of us it is only when one has the opportunity of reading their pamphlets and of studying their literature with all the detail relating to the training in religion, in public speaking, and in what may be called roughly, public intercourse or the relation of the speaker to the crowd, that one can appreciate the wide scope of their activities, and the tremendous amount of energy and labor that is expended in carrying on this gigantic enterprise. And it is gigantic, for while only 150 men and women, more or less, are engaged in it in London, more and more speakers are taking up the work.

While these scattered guilds have no central governing body, and each operates as a unit (this must be so since in every diocese the bishop controls and directs the teaching therein) they are all practically one, for the ever-present trend to change and variance is counteracted by annual conferences and retreats on the spiritual side, and on the material side by the free and unrestricted interchange of thoughts, and the constant pooling of ideas. They say of themselves that common ownership of goods in the early Church was not more real than common ownership of ideas in the guild today. In the guild spirit, then, much of this paper is written and to the guild authorities due acknowledgment must be made. There is no room for individualism or selfishness in this work for the problem faced is a big one.

England has been Protestant for 400 years and that stretch cannot be overcome in a day, nor in a week nor in a month, nor can weighty influences be thrown aside by individual effort. One effect of these four centuries is observable in the crowds that come to listen, truly a heterogeneous lot. Some there are drawn by a hideous, shivery fear of all that is Catholic, and some who find cheap and ready entertainment in listening to the corner lecturer, and others yet who would convert the very man on the platform. But there is a fourth type, not so large perhaps as the others, but a type for which and to whom the speakers have really

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come. There is a silent, thinking crowd of men and women who stand and listen, giving no sign of interest, no indication of approval or disapproval, who listen, and very often—more and more often as the guild work widens—heed. It would seem sometimes as though they were at meetings, or pitches, as the guildsmen call them, because, happening to be on the corner when the speaking started, they were too slothful to move on. Such an inference, however, is wrong for this same meditative, absorbed throng that says nothing, that listens thoughtfully, always returns.

It is not individuals but such groups, such crowds which are the units with which the guildsmen have to treat, and there is a deal of sound crowd psychology in guild literature—The Catholic Evidence Guild, by F. J. Sheed; The Handbook of the Catholic Guild, by James Byrne; and the Training Outlines, compiled by Maisie Ward. All of these may be had from the Catholic Truth Society of London and, I believe, from our own Truth Society in Brooklyn, or from the guild itself in the Westminster Cathedral precincts, London. In part, they tell of how the guildsman recruit finds himself in an atmosphere where crowds and their psychology are the sole topics of conversation. Throbbing, pulsing crowds, vital, human, and thoroughly alive; crowds that constantly change and reach out always to absorb the influence with which they are brought in touch. To reach them one must love them for to offer aid or assistance of any sort indifferently to those one hates must needs be affronting, offensive, and the recruit is told there is no way so fine of meeting crowds and learning them as by mingling with them in sympathy and being, in a way, one of them.

To one who happens casually on these meetings on the corner it would seem only that a number of speakers were explaining, more or less effectively, the doctrines of the Church, but a moment's reflection makes plain that neither platforms nor speakers can spring up out of nothing in the twinkling of an eye, for the one must be erected and the other carefully trained in doctrine, in manner, and in methods of delivery. Here there are two interests that would seem to conflict—the good of the speaker and the good of the crowd, for while one can never get ahead without constant work, the other learns less well from a beginner than from one better trained. So far as is possible this difficulty has been met by a simple system by which the recruit gets his training and the crowds suffer no harm. The new speaker chooses one subject, studies it, practises it, and is tested in it in a class. Then when passed as satisfactory, on that subject only he may speak and answer questions until such time as he shall have qualified in another. In his beginnings, a junior is placed under a chairman, a senior, who can help out if and when the junior is drawn beyond his depth. So, step by step, speakers develop until they can earn and hold a general license.

The guildsmen have been designated as diocesan catechists by the Archbishop of Westminster and the licensing of speakers, so that heresy may not be preached, is directly under his supervision and control. The technical training in speaking aims only to free each man from the natural diffidence which would bar his development. Each speaker may develop his own style, be it pounding argument, simple explanation, or a system of question and answer. Experience has shown that almost anyone may safely hope some day to reach the platform.

Each subject, as it is discussed, is treated massively, and while details are, of course, explained, it is only in relation to a whole, and no talk is held complete that does not give an idea of the Church as an entirety. Questions, and they are frequent, are answered, but where they lead to a digression or a seeming attack, it is made clear that neither is of the speaker's choosing. The aim is to explain understandingly, with a simplicity that the non-guildsman can scarcely comprehend, for, unless there is full and absolute understanding both time and labor are a total loss. Then there must be the idea of unity. Should six hecklers attack the speaker he must convey to the crowd the idea of but two forces—himself and the six.

Guild life has a spiritual side and one finds in the handbook a series of prayers and meditations with an explanation of their adoration scheme for half-hours before the Blessed Sacrament. When this was begun in Westminster the first intention was "increase of speakers" and by August the numbers had increased fourfold from the spring. Each year there is a three-day inter-guild retreat at Westminster, and in the separate guilds a monthly half-day retreat and also the First-Friday Communion. More difficult to write down is the holding fast to the ideal that the work may grow on the foundation of obscure lives well spent. It is what they call the guild spirit. Of course, there are constitutions, a financial system of a kind, distribution of literature, an intensifying social life, a corporate spiritual life, and the constant production of speakers in which all is centered.

That the future will hold results none can doubt, but those who have blazed the trail may not live to see their hopes realized. A guild is no place for one who cannot carry on without the stimulus of immediate results. Standing in the rain or snow, week after week, the crowds listen. They begin with fierce hostility and gradually come to friendliness, and if only one man learns that a Catholic must be sorry for his sins before he can be forgiven them, that bit of truth does not lie dormant and asleep. Every man or woman in the audience who passes on some bit of truth he has heard becomes an active member of the guild, albeit he spreads that bit reluctantly and against his will, and so the real audience, like some mighty host of listeners-in on a radio, is not only the visible crowd standing in the street, but all the uncounted and uncountable men and women among whom they live.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIAL CREDIT AND THE JUST PRICE

III. THE CONTROL OF CREDIT

By ROBERT RODGER

IN setting out to reform the credit system we must bear in mind two things: First, credit is indispensable to production and trade; and second, every credit issued to the producer is value taken from the consumer. The issuing of credits is a bookkeeping operation performed by the banks, which—as things are—raises the level of prices and reduces the public's purchasing power.

The reformed system must, therefore, issue credit freely to the producer for all legitimate industrial and commercial purposes; and it must safeguard the consumer by fixing retail selling prices at such a point "below cost" that the value taken from him when credits are created will be restored to him again when he buys goods for consumption, i.e., not for resale. If prices were fixed in this way, the evil effects of currency inflation, and deflation, with the consequent instability which is a menace to society, would be completely eliminated.

The present banks could be made the vehicle of the reformed system, if their mode of working were slightly modified. Let the state give the necessary guarantees, and enact that on and after a certain date the banks shall keep their books in accordance with the principles established by Major Douglas; and that it will itself, from the same date, fix a ratio of retail selling prices in relation to the financial situation thereby revealed.

The banks would continue to be the financial agents and bookkeepers of the nation; but although the work of issuing credit would be entrusted to them, it would be no part of their business to say who should or should not get credit. That function should be performed by representative local committees—one for each distinct trade or industry, probably—which would act as custodians of the community's "real credit"; but once a business was approved by one of these committees it would get credit from the bank so long as there was a demand for its products.

The banks would issue credits to all approved bodies as required; and these credits would be used for making purchases and payments of all kinds. They would, of course, be repaid to the banks when the finished products were sold.

All intermediate costs and profits are passed on to the retailer, so it is only retail prices that have to be adjusted to the community's income. The retailer would get payment from the bank for his purchases including expenses, and profit; thereafter the price his goods are sold at does not concern him.

But this "control" of credit could be so subtle as to be imperceptible. For what would control mean in the ultimate in a smoothly working economic system? Nothing more than an effective demand for goods—that is to say, a demand backed by money. If people with purchasing power really wanted goods, the mere presence of this demand would be sufficient for credit to flow in the channels that would meet the demand.

The manufacturers supplying the class of goods that the public most urgently wanted would get the credits necessary to produce the goods since their order books would show that the public wanted them. Public control of credit, in this sense, therefore, is nothing more than a control which aims at satisfying the public's taste and needs.

In the event of an unsophisticated public being unable to withstand the shock of a rapidly increasing expansion of wealth and material well-being, it might be found expedient to have a publicly elected and representative body act in an advisory capacity, so that wealth production would flow in the most desirable channels and for the good of all.

The banks' interest in the loans they make is the interest they get on them; and the producer's interest in price-fixing is the recovery of his costs and his profit. So, if the banks were guaranteed their working expenses, the producers their costs, and both a fixed return on their capital, neither would have any legitimate grievance if the community decided to control the issue of credit and the fixing of retail prices.

Major Douglas has shown that retail selling prices should be determined by the relationship between the total production and consumption of goods, and not by the relationship between the quantity of goods in the market and the quantity of money or credit bidding for them—the present determinant of prices. Cost prices should bear the same ratio to selling prices that the total national production of goods (including capital goods) does to the total national consumption and depreciation of goods.

Stated somewhat differently this simply means that the cost of production is consumption. If production and consumption were equal, price and cost would be equal. If consumption is less than production, price will be less than cost. Price would therefore increase with the increase of the rates of consumption to production; but it would decrease with the decrease of consumption relatively to production. The just price, then, is that fraction of cost that consumption is of production.

If the ratio of production to consumption happened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be four to one, an article that cost $4.00 to produce would be sold retail for $1.00. The retailer would forward the $1.00 received from the purchaser to the bank, with a copy of the sale slip or invoice showing the cost price; and the bank would write off not only the $1.00 but the other $3.00 as well. The meaning of this operation is that $3.00 of every $4.00 appearing in cost prices has previously been spent by the community, and no longer exists as purchasing power; and the effect of it is to keep the level of selling prices and the level of incomes in constant equilibrium. That ensures that whatever the community produces it can also buy; and so long as any rational human want remains unsatisfied such a thing as dull trade will never be heard of.

The cost of running the banks would be added to the community's other costs periodically—monthly or quarterly—when determining the ratio between total production and consumption for the purposes of fixing selling prices. The banks' account of credits issued and canceled would be an exact record of the community's production and consumption of goods.

This conception of society in its economic aspect is elusive, for it is the dynamic as against the static view. Or, as Major Douglas once phrased it, it is the difference between machinery at rest and machinery in motion. It involves a rate.

Credits are issued by the banks and these credits dilute purchasing power, while plant and machinery charges appear in the price of consumable goods (i.e., goods for human consumption) with no available purchasing power to balance them. It has been destroyed in the rate of flow of the monetary process inherent in the present financial system. And the problem of modern society is the problem of purchasing power.

When bankers' loans are repaid they are cancelled in the bankers' books, but their effects remain in price. It is the aim of the "New Economics" to cancel these charges out of price also, and establish economic equilibrium. On analysis these charges are found to consist of, in the main, plant and machinery charges, so the formula of Major Douglas, based on the ratio of production to consumption, is a logical sequence. It arrives at that point "below cost" at which prices must be fixed, but only below cost as cost is now reckoned.

Credit reform has been discussed here as it might be effected through the existing banks; but if the banks should take up the attitude that their system is so perfect as to be insusceptible of improvement, and, relying on their apparently unbounded strength, should set their faces against changes of any kind, there is comfort in the thought that they can be dispensed with.

Their power is great, admittedly. Mr. Arthur Kitson, writing in the Times Trade Supplement, informs us that: "The power of our bankers is even greater than that of ministers, and increases year by year, for the reason that our industries and commerce are built upon bank credit. With the continual amalgamation of our banks, it is no exaggeration to say that the whole of our industrial and commercial life is under the control and at the mercy of probably less than fifty men. During the great American crisis of 1893 to 1897, Senator Depew once said: 'There are twenty men in the United States who can, if they wish, close every factory, stop every wheel from moving, shut every telegraph office, and cause the starvation of millions of people! And this power they possess through their control of bank credit!' "

And quite recently Mr. Bernard M. Baruch stated to a select committee of the United States Congress: "I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war." (He was head of the system of control which decreed what credit American industries should have during the war.) "The final determination, as the President said, rested with me—the determination of whether the Railroad Administration could have it, or the Allies, or whether General Allenby should have locomotives, or whether they should be used in France."

This is too tremendous a power to be in the hands of any small body of men, even of the highest standing; but, great as it is, it is not even their own: it is wholly the community's. Without the coöperation and trust of the public the banks would be quite impotent. They produce nothing. They have the power, certainly, as things are, to shut down every factory in the country; but they cannot guarantee the production of a single ton of coal, or the building of a house or ship—only the miners and mine owners, the house-builders and ship-builders can do that.

Banking is nothing but a system of bookkeeping—and bankers nothing but bookkeepers; and when the miners and mine owners, and other classes of producers realize that the system is so unsound that not only is it strangling their trade but is driving all the industrial nations faster and faster in the direction of external war or internal disruption, there is nothing in the world to hinder them from combining to create their own credits—based on their ability to produce—exchanging their products, and canceling out their indebtedness by means of cross entries, just as the banks do; and, in general, setting up a new system of bookkeeping that will be free from the defects of the existing one.

But, unless the consumer's position is regarded as of equal importance with the producer's under the new system, unless selling prices are fixed in relation to the community's income, nothing will be changed—the evils of the present system will continue.

The bankers can be forgiven for not perceiving the connection between their system and the disintegrating forces now at work undermining civilization—if they show consciousness of their error by setting to work to repair the infinite harm—mixed with some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good—they have wrought mankind. If they had perceived the connection, and yet refrained from taking instant action to have the system altered, they would be devils incarnate. But nobody believes that. They are the inheritors of a machine they did not invent and only imperfectly understand; but there is no reason why civilization should will its own destruction merely to keep in existence an obsolete machine.

Nevertheless, while allowances can be made for the bankers, they are consciously or unconsciously working against the interests of mankind; and mankind will be wise to investigate the problem for itself, and see that the proper remedy is applied.

The promise the reform advocated holds out for the human race is beyond calculation. It would not only put an end to labor troubles, and in so doing remove all fear of internal disruption, but it would change international trade from being a struggle for markets terminating in war, and differing from war only in the nature of the weapons used, into a friendly exchange of superfluities, bringing advantage to all concerned, and doing harm to none.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SHELTON

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A COUPLE of years ago the Shelton arose. A chorus of congratulation greeted it. I kept an ironic silence, because I knew what would happen to the Shelton, and the other day, passing that lithe giant, I discovered that its demolition was already nearly complete. Demolition? Surely the Shelton is not going down so soon? No—but another building is going up which will hide more completely than ever the Shelton's great front façade. The Shelton as something to look at and experience—considered apart from the pure idea of the Shelton—has been torn down face by face. To those who have not seen the best building in New York, one of the best buildings of the modern age, I say: Go now—and see at least what it looks like from the rear, before that aspect, too, is effaced.

More than a year ago the best of the Shelton had been covered over by the buildings which blocked the view from Vanderbilt Avenue: it was most magnificent in the early afternoon from that vantage point, with the sun making runnels of light down the vertical indentations. The artists and the photographers have had their hands at it: Mr. Rockwell Kent made a lithograph, Mr. Walter Pach made an etching; even Miss Georgia O'Keefe has attempted it—who could resist the powerful charm of a building that was not merely big, but buoyant, mobile, serene, like a Zeppelin under a clear sky? None of the pictures does justice to it, unfortunately; it was its own picture, with a vitality which could not quite be caught or counterfeited. I remember seeing Mr. Harmon's original sketch for this building in the Architectural Exhibition—it did not promise much more than an intelligent mediocrity. The miracle was in the thing itself, better than the preliminary sketch of the architect, better than the after-sketch of the artist. Now it is gone. Every rivet battered together in the building that faces it is a nail in the Shelton's coffin.

I am sometimes reproached for not taking the skyscraper seriously. I wish the people who profess to admire this "triumph of American architecture" would take it half as seriously as I do. The enthusiasts who grow rapturous over these buildings are so inured to our metropolitan routine that they have never formed the habit of trying to look at the leviathans they profess to admire. If they did, they would soon realize that the habit of building skyscrapers, for the sake of multiplying land-increments alone, without consideration of function or site or the civic maladjustments that follow, is aesthetically ruinous. The Shelton by itself was a marvel. Even the Bush Tower, an inferior building, was interesting, so long as the side that faced Sixth Avenue was exposed: both these buildings have ceased aesthetically to exist, because they are now surrounded by other tall buildings, vulgar, undistinguished, ruthless. The skyscraper as an architectural form is significant only when it is momentarily isolated from the chaos of other commercial buildings. As soon as chaos breaks, it is done for—the streets get overcrowded, the view is shut off, the sunlight and the fresh air approach zero, and, in the end, the greedier type of building makes prematurely obsolescent its more beautiful prototype.

The Shelton was unique, for example, in the fact that the walls sloped back as they arose, like a well-proportioned column. Unique, because this forfeited space on the upper floors, in defiance of the sound rules of Babbittry. The Shelton profited equally by its lucky irregularity of site; its lower wings helped to build up the mass. These were luxuries that the ordinary rent-barracks cannot afford—their only claim to distinction rests upon their unmitigated bulk. When such buildings are massed together they may give a passing thrill to the distant spectator; but they do not serve any imaginative aesthetic purpose. In fact, they are non-aesthetic; from the standpoint of vision they are simply non-existent, and it is foolish to call them, aesthetically, either good or bad. Socially, a chaotic heap of skyscrapers is, of course, a great nuisance: for it employs all the resources of modern engineering to create municipal problems which engineering itself cannot solve; and to seize the triumph of an occasional Shelton as an excuse for the social indecency and the aesthetic jobbery of most of our tall buildings is not a very ingratiating form of hypocrisy.

I remember Mr. Alfred Stieglitz once showing, at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his exhibition, two photographs, one of a mountain, the other of a child: it was a simple contrast, the first presenting nature, the second the innocence of the child, with all its potential humanities. "That is nature," said Mr. Stieglitz, "we know what happens to that—it stays and endures. And there is the child—your baby or my baby; it will live and be educated and grow up; and we know what will happen to that, too. After a while—!" and he shrugged his shoulders. The skyscraper, like the child in the American city, is a ruined possibility. It could be used for great purposes: two or three of them, designed by a Sullivan or a Goodhue, would serve as a fine pattern for the rest of our architecture, which would remain, accordingly, on a more plain and prosaic level, enhancing the intimate, the near, the jolly aspects of our daily lives. Treating them as public buildings, grouped, ordered, controlled, limited, we might reap some of the human and aesthetic advantages of the skyscraper.

But we live in a crazy civilization. The skyscraper, instead of symbolizing the imagination of an Einstein, erupts over the urban landscape as if it were little more than an eczema of our advertisers, land-gamblers, and usurers, as, indeed, it very largely is. If anything human stands in its way, it is squelched. If any aesthetic considerations confront it, they are squelched, too. People have begun to think of skyscrapers as though there were a peculiar, magical property in building vertically instead of horizontally; as if above the eighteenth floor, say, all men became men like gods. I refuse to encourage that illusion. Human imbecility would remain what it is even if the Vertical City should in fact come into existence; for only human imbecility would consider such a chaos as a finer and more exalted kind of order.

A Tryst

A way of beauty that I love
Is how the moon hangs high above
Our pine tree—and the way one star
Attends her through the sky.

She looks aloof and cold and far,
But I have watched her, and there are
Sweet secrets, whispered tenderly,
That woo her from on high.

She slips down softly to the tree
And from my window I can see
The silvered leaves, all quivering,
Delight in her caress.

Then all of nature seems to sing
In tune with their low murmuring,
And all the myriad stars come out
To see such happiness!

DOROTHY DEMPSEY.

A PRE-VICTORIAN APOSTLE

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

JOHN MILNER, Bishop of Catabala and Vicar Apostolic of the midland district of England, died on April 19, 1826, 100 years ago. As he not only made history in his own day but remains an abiding influence on our own generation, his centenary should by no means by permitted to pass unnoticed. He was born in 1752, the son of a small tailor named Miller. Why or when he changed the spelling of his name is not known, though it must have been early in life. He was sent by the great Bishop Challoner to the afterward celebrated school of Sedgeley Park, then just commencing its career, and spent eleven years at the College of Douai. He was ordained priest in 1777; and sent to Winchester, where a young lad, afterward the celebrated Dr. John Lingard, was among his parishioners.

An important part of his work in the old Cathedral city was among the French prisoners and refugees. In 1803 he was consecrated bishop, and took up the work in the midlands which filled the rest of his life. During his episcopate he became the real founder of the great College of Saint Marie at Oscott, as well as of numerous missions. At that time England was just relaxing the horrible penal laws, yet Milner could remember the day when Challoner and his clergy used to hold what one must call synods for want of a better name, sitting round the table in a public-house, each supplied with a mug of ale and a churchwarden pipe to avert suspicion of their real purpose. Of course, at that date no priest dared to dress in black, nor was he ever called anything but "Mr."—a custom adhered to by the old hereditary Catholics in England even in my own recollection.

Milner was very regular in the visitations of his diocese. These were managed on horseback, since roads were bad and carriage driving expensive. His episcopal impedimenta he carried in saddle bags and often have I looked at his pastoral staff in the Oscott Museum, made of a number of small pieces capable of being screwed together, and of being packed in very small compass. This is the case also with the other objects of worship which were all reduced to a minimum size though not to the same extent as in the case of a penal time chasuble, which I have seen not much longer than a very long bib and red and white on one side, green and purple on the other, so as to fit all the rubrical colors. With this small supply of canonicals Milner rode from one tiny mission to another, for by this time Catholic worship was tolerated though Catholics were excluded from public life. His busy pastoral life went by, ordaining, confirming, and discharging the other functions of his office whilst all the time his active pen was never at rest. He had some curious traits of character, but surely none more curious than that narrated by Husenbeth, who tells us that he was so fond of the smell of wax candles that he used to blow out that on the Gospel side of the altar at the end of Mass but before saying the last Gospel, in order to enjoy its aroma.

The Catholics of England and Wales at this time numbered about seventy thousand. Those of Ireland amounted to 5,000,000 with twenty-nine bishops still retaining their old territorial titles, while England had four Vicars Apostolic, bishops in Partibus Infidelium. Many of the English Catholics belonged to ancient aristocratic houses, brought low by the infamous exactions of the penal times. Their exclusion from public life and from many social functions, too, rankled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorely in their minds. They did not care greatly what happened to their Irish brethren—whose fate was bound up with theirs by the Act of Union—what they wanted was a place in the sun and for this they can hardly be blamed. But they were prepared to pay a price for that place which no sincere Catholic ought ever to have contemplated, and to make their Irish brethren pay it too. First, they were prepared to take an oath stating that they would support the Establishment. Later, when that had been frustrated by the vigilance of Milner, they signified their readiness to enter into an arrangement by which the English government would have the right of veto over the appointment of bishops to all Catholic sees in the empire and would maintain a special office through which should pass, for purposes of supervision, all correspondence between the Holy See and the Episcopate.

Whether any Pope would have agreed to such conditions we do not know. Such at any rate was the price which the gentry—for that was what it amounted to—of the Catholic faith in England were prepared to pay for what they would have called their liberation. What is more, they succeeded in getting hold of the other Vicars Apostolic and securing at least their half-hearted consent to their doings. But they had not only to reckon with Milner but with the support given him by the entire Irish hierarchy whose agent he was. Of these, Bishop Moylan of Cork and Archbishop Troy of Dublin were the most important, and the former was Milner's intimate friend. Time after time, when there was prospect of an unsatisfactory bill being passed through the House of Commons, where ministers were no less anxious for a settlement than the "Catholic Committee," the calamity was averted by some timely pamphlet of Milner's. As a pamphleteer, even in that day of pamphlets, he was almost unequaled. It may, indeed, be said that it was Milner who, by his strenuous fight, kept the door open for the almost complete relief of Catholic emancipation, carried by his great friend and ally, Daniel O'Connell, a victory which he did not live to see. But for Milner, it may fairly be said, the Church would have been in bondage for years. It will be readily understood that such an arrangement as that suggested above, once made, would have been exceedingly difficult to unmake.

Augustus Welby Pugin watered but John Milner sowed the seed of the Gothic revival by which all English-speaking nations have profited. That seed was sown in his first great work, a remarkable book to have been written by a young man, his History and Survey of the Antiquities of Winchester, in which city he was resident priest at the time. Needless to say, the Cathedral there is replete with interest. But in addition there is the hospital of Holy Cross with its splendid name, Domus Nobilis Paupertatis, one of the very few pre-Reformation charities spared by Henry VIII and the infamous Thomas Cromwell, and the original of the Almshouse in The Warden, the opening story of Trollope's Barchester novels.

Milner did not content himself with this book nor with a number of others which he wrote on the principles of Gothic architecture. Being called upon to build a church for his parish, he built it as far as he could, being his own designer, on Gothic lines, in place of the domestic architecture with sash windows which prevailed for church purposes at the time. I rather think that church has disappeared, but I saw it many years ago much as it was when Milner left it. It was certainly what we should call churchwarden Gothic, but it was an attempt in the right direction and the first faint glimmer of the sunrise of the second age of Gothic. Years after he had left Winchester and become a bishop he was heard when leaving this chapel, to which he had been paying a visit, to cry out from the depths of his heart: "My dear chapel!" And after he left Winchester to take up larger duties his mind was always fixed on building as far as possible along Gothic lines.

All his life Milner was publishing books or pamphlets. One book has been mentioned and out of that sprang two others of great importance. For in the History of Winchester he had severely criticized Bishop Hoadly, one of those rationalistic Anglican bishops who seem always to be foisted on the little town of Hereford, where he was bishop for a time before being translated to Winchester. The extent of Hoadly's Erastianism may be gathered from a statement by his friend and pupil, Dr. Balguy, that if the king sent him a known, professing, unbaptized Jew to be consecrated a bishop of the Church of England, he would unhesitatingly consecrate him forthwith. Dr. Sturges, prebendary and chancellor of Winchester, who owed his preferment to Hoadly, took up the cudgels on his patron's behalf. The result was Milner's first great controversial work, The Letters to a Prebendary. This he was about to follow up by another work, already written and ready for the press, when Bishop Horsley of Rochester, who had been a tower of strength to the Catholic cause in the House of Lords, induced him to hold his hand. It was only sixteen years later that The End of Controversy, for it was that most celebrated work, was published. "I have called it the end," said Milner, "but I think it will be the beginning."

This marvelous work has led to more conversions than almost any other, of recent date at least. Everybody ought to know it, but as everybody unfortunately does not, it may be said that it purports to be a series of letters to a society of Protestants meeting for religious discussions at the little village of Cressage—I have often passed through it and wondered why Milner selected that spot—in Shropshire, a choice which enabled him to return to his arguments and reinforce them by way of reply to supposed letters from the society. The gravity of language and fairness of argument in The End of Controversy make it the fittest work to place in the hands of any person contemplating entry into the Church and anxious to know her teachings and her credentials. Until the last great day no man will ever know how many souls have been won to the Church by a book which is not dead but still doing its work, though its author has long been in his grave.

To a Dead Actor

What symbols, laid amid the cypress boughs,
Proclaim thy rank? The sword of tinseled lath
Felt at thy heart? The pasteboard crown which hath,
Worn but an hour, compressed and gripped thy brows?

Through unapplausive streets we bear thee home,
Our raddled cheeks by daylight all unmasked
Of mirth or majesty, and none hath asked:
"What do you with great Caesar far from Rome?"

True artist from the forehead to the heel,
Who stirred the frieze, made animate the bust!
Surely, where in the session of the dust
Death shows thy patent, he hath owned thee real
As any mouldered head whereon fate thrust
Its golden diadem or avenging steel.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

INTERCESSORY PRAYER

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It is certain that no Catholic denies the power of intercessory prayer; and exceptions, or striking instances which seem clear proofs of such prayer are not seldom published. Yet, how often do religious persons speak of the great improbability of the conversion of such and such a man, and how apt are some Catholics to draw the inference that prayer for the great and unlikely change in heart and mind of such a one would more wisely and, so to say, "becomingly" be directed rather to the conversion of what one may, perhaps, reverently call an "easier" case. The persuading and exemplary effect of an "easy" or likely conversion is, of course, far less than that of one which has seemed so unlikely as to be all but impossible. We know, and we admit, that "with God all things are possible." We act very much as if they were not.

Those of us who follow with any great or intense interest the sayings, teachings, and doings in the Church of England today, must needs long for the conversion and submission of the more prominent and more extreme opponents of the Catholic Church, such as are the advanced Modernists and the especially staunch and assertive Anglo-Catholics. Do we do what lies within our power to further such conversion and submission by our prayers, as well as by our efforts in all other ways to aid those who are best fitted to aid in such conversion by their teachings and preachings?

ANTI-MODERNIST AND FORMER ANGLICAN.

VIOLATORS OF VOLSTEADISM

Fall River, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As an original subscriber to the foundation of The Commonweal and as an annual subscriber during the struggling years of its infancy, I am deeply concerned with its stand on prohibition.

In the issue of March 10, I read: "those who still swear by Volsteadism ought to concede, at least, that in order to make their cherished point they have turned the orderly process of United States government into something that it never previously was—and by the grace of heaven, never shall be again."

The writer "still swears by Volsteadism" and shall continue to so swear until he is shown, by The Commonweal, perchance, some other alternative than a return to the old-time degrading and pauperizing saloon. In the meantime he ventures to remark that he believes that it is the violators of Volsteadism (and their abettors) and not the framers of the act that have created havoc with the orderly process of United States government.

JAMES E. CASSIDY.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—It is interesting to note the generality of the assumption that, in expressing an opinion or a personal conclusion on public affairs or concerning a public man, one must have based it upon some isolated utterance or occurrence. So Mr. Matthew Page Andrews suggests in The Commonweal (March 31) that my estimate of Mr. Coolidge's theory of local self-government must be based upon the President's Memorial day speech at Arlington last May.

I agree with Mr. Andrews that this would not be an infallible test. Presidents do not always write their own speeches. There is a certain gifted gentleman who has accomplished the amazing feat of writing speeches for two presidents of such divergent views and form of expression that it would seem incredible were it not known to be a fact.

I am sure that Mr. Andrews does not form his sound and interesting opinions upon anyone's isolated addresses any more than I do.

Still, I do not really know how we can settle this amicable difference of opinion unless we agree to feature this point in the next presidential campaign!

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEGRO

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—I see in a copy of The Commonweal a communication from Mr. Gustave Benedict Aldrich of Tacoma, Washington, headed The Church and the Negro, which should be an eye-opener for bishops, priests, religious, and laity. Is Mr. Dubois wrong when he is quoted there as saying that the Catholic Church is the worst offender on the "color question"? Indeed, some white Catholics do not know the spirit of Christ. What does "Catholic" mean to them? The Commonweal will render a great service by enlightening white Catholics on the meaning of their name. Make this a burning question. Catholics need an awakening on this great question. Strange that white did not yet reach higher than the "color" line in this free and boasted democratic country.

Yours for a universal brotherhood.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

VICARIOUS BEAUTY

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—D. T. Powell is mistaken in supposing that I suggested that an appreciation of beauty is "part of the symptomatology of neurasthenia." What I said was that I did not believe that the laity suffered the terrible reactions detailed by Father Moran. Perhaps they should suffer them. Perhaps they will suffer them when the clergy have taught them to appreciate more liturgical methods of worship. I suspect that your correspondent is an ex-ritualist. His classification of myself as "a member of the right wing of the clerical section" sounds very Anglican. I can say this without offense because I was one myself.

REV. EDWARD HAWKS.

(Due to pressure of space, it has not been possible to publish in this issue of The Commonweal many important communications addressed to us recently. Publication of these will shortly occur in following issues. The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

What Every Woman Knows

ONCE, perhaps, in many months, as the theatre runs today, one experiences the peculiar exaltation and self-effacement which can come only in the presence of truly great acting. I had such an experience the other night when little Helen Hayes picked the character of Maggie Wylie from the surrounding fragility of Barrie's famous play and made of her as poignant, as noble and as enthralling a figure of tragi-comedy as this stage has seen in many a long day. It was a moment in which you felt the re-creation of a great artist—simple, forthright, delicate, quaintly humorous and utterly untouched by mannerism or self-consciousness.

And it is still rarer to have the same quality of pleasure in recording such an event. It is eight long years since a wisp of a girl, appearing with William Gillett in another Barrie play, Dear Brutus, made the most hardened in New York gasp at the sheer beauty of soul displayed in a few brief moments of fantasy. Since that day, Helen Hayes has been forever and repeatedly miscast as the eternal and flamboyant flapper—not miscast so far as her work was concerned, but rather undercast in the sense that no part given to her has brought forth that same ineffable quality which she possesses almost alone. Only last December, in reviewing Young Blood, I find I wrote this brief lament: "No one deserves a poetic, tender and forthright play of youth more than Helen Hayes. When she is not being cast as Cleopatra five years ahead of time (I am sure she will do Shaw's heroine extremely well some day) she is forced into meaningless flapper rôles, as far from her real quality as cocktails from Chartreuse. Her rare combination of intelligence and spontaneity merit the attention of the best of playwrights." That new play has yet to be written for her, but in the present revival she has again been allowed to soar, and through her fulness of delicate feeling, to conquer utterly.

Nor has she done this by the simple method of being just herself. She is at every moment entirely within the part. I looked for and dreaded the emergence of some of those mannerisms which seven years of flapperdom had seemed almost to have starched and ironed into her work. But they were gone—every last one of them. In the very faintly bent and wistful back, in the constantly recurring note of pathetic self-abasement, in the outpouring gift of her little mite to make the man she loved great in spite of himself, in the flashes of irrepressible humor, in the perfect restraint and economy of gesture during moments of poignant suffering, right to that last instant of radiant laughter, it was forever Maggie Wylie and not a costumed Helen Hayes who kept the audience at eager, gasping attention.

The play itself, although replete with moments of good theatre, is not up to the single character of Maggie Wylie. It even has one or two touches of curiously inappropriate sophistication—irrelevant matter at that. And its machinery creaks at many an unexpected moment, all the more audibly for the prevalence of Barrie delicacy and charm. Without Helen Hayes, or, according to legend, Maude Adams (whom I have never seen in this play) the whole structure might collapse rather abruptly. But of Miss Hayes's accomplishment there can be no question. She has emerged triumphant from the battle against "type" casting and all which that system implies in the ruination of fine talent and possible greatness.

In view of a rather persistent dislike I have felt and expressed for the work of Mr. Kenneth MacKenna, it is only fair and just to record that his John Shand is an interesting and strong portrait, well modulated within the limits Barrie has laid down. He has also been pulled out of "type"—and here's wishing him better luck and a still wider field for his talents, with a chance to substitute fulsome sincerity for what appears so often and unfortunately to be only cleverness. May his future be blessed with "Shandisms"! The rest of the cast, and particularly the three Wylie brothers, contributed strongly and well to the framework within which Miss Hayes moved through her unforgettable picture.

R. DANA SKINNER.

Love in a Mist

THE audience that settled themselves rather restlessly in their seats at the Gaiety Theatre last week during the opening bars of Princess Troubetzkoy's symphony of misunderstanding, Love in a Mist, were not long in discovering that, for one evening at least, they were quite safe from democracy. There is a territorial smack about the "Wynnes of Wynnewood" and the "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." Nor is the handicap of being called Diana to be evaded even by so clever and practised an actress as Miss Madge Kennedy. A good many years have passed since Mr. Arnold Bennett, in the pages of the New Age, issued his famous diatribe against all heroines, dramatic or literary, of the name of Diana, their elusiveness and exclusiveness, their obtrusive caprices, even the capers and cavortings of what the irritable author of The Old Wives' Tales was rude enough to term their "noxious winsomeness." Yet the Dianas, you will notice, insist on running pretty true to type.

Miss Kennedy's winsomeness, it should be made clear at once, deserves nothing but the kindest of names. The bright spots in a troublesome and talky play were when she was on the stage, with the whitest of white lies fluttering round her lips or playing off one glum and suspicious suitor against another with expedients so engaging that you pardoned their flimsiness. There was one gesture so pretty that, with all respect to Mr. Bennett, we shall insist on attaching the name he dislikes to it. Miss Kennedy was truly winsome when she stood a moment, caught in the cross-current of two quite irreconcilable stories, with her finger on her chin, thinking up some new and unlucky invention that might fit both.

For the rest, the story the Princess has thought it worth while to tell is trivial. The play starts badly, in a shallow sea of exposition and only touches realism in the banal and mirthless give-and-take that supplies the place of the "smart" repartee for which dramatists strive and strive so often in vain. A spoiled post-deb allows herself to be entangled in two love affairs. Her rivals arrive, suddenly and as by appointment, one from exploration in Asia, another from Rome. The problem of keeping them both in ignorance of the gentle betrayal consumes three acts. It is solved, partly by a muffed suicide, partly by the good offices of a prim little cousin, and ends in clinch and counter-clinch.

Mr. Sidney Blackmer, who was a well-groomed cave-man of a not very inviting type in the first act, found salvation through bewilderment and unhappiness as the play proceeded. Mr. Tom Powers, with the urbanity and "savoir-faire" of the typical young Italian nobleman (of pre-Fascist days anyhow) as handy study, chose to play Count Scipione Varelli in strong grotesque and to give us humor of a primitive order rather

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than add his item of conviction. A stately and white-haired old aunt, played by Miss Alice John, and a brace of dusky retainers helped the authentic Virginian atmosphere. Love in a Mist will amuse many. But there are large tracts where it is little better than genteel slap-stick.

H. L. S.

Juno and the Paycock

THERE is something about the intimacy—a quality said to be promoted in small theatres and lecture rooms—of the production of Juno and the Paycock in the little Mayfair Theatre, that does not seem suitable or timely. Sean O'Casey's play is so entirely without the studio quality, so definitely a piece of actual life, that it calls for a larger stage and broader atmosphere and, in the end, a more conscientious presentation than is given it by its New York producers.

There are critics who are highly laudatory of Augustin Duncan in his rôle of Captain Jack Boyle, and others who rather qualify their own reputation in asserting that he is not Irish enough. The scene of Juno and the Paycock is Dublin, and it is hard for some people to forego their expectation of purely Celtic types even in that setting. Mr. Duncan's acting struck us as admirable. His transition into the private banker, that was over-emphasized in his new suit of clothes, was of the same sort that marked the sudden slumping of his wife Juno, played in a very refined key by Miss Louise Randolph, into an ordinary shawl-woman at the end of the play. Johnny Boyle was a rôle overplayed consistently, and his sister Mary smacked all too much of the business sections of downtown New York. "Joxer" was an excellent bit of comedy by Claude Cooper, a rendering of a real, if rather eccentric type of Irish ne'er-do-well, and Mrs. Madigan, for all her spontaneous and amusing quality, can hardly trace farther back than the comedy types of the late Harrigan and Hart tenements.

Juno and the Paycock is a very fine play to read or to witness on the boards: Mr. O'Casey's stage directions regarding the vulgarity of the furniture and settings might safely be followed more closely by the stage director. Mr. O'Casey has had a successful presentation of his play, but it seems that the effect of his work might be conveyed to the theatre public even more forcibly, fairly, and effectively than has been done in the present production.

T. W.

Spring in Kilbourney

The trees are budding in Kilbourney,
And dropping purple shells;
The gay bright world of morning
Gladly tells.

The streams are wider in Kilbourney,
And flowing swiftly by.
God has dropped upon the world
A piece of sky.

For days are bluer in Kilbourney,
The world is upside down.
There's no use trying to live
In this old town.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

BOOKS

L'Eveque de Metz: Vie de Monsignor Dupont des Loges, par Abbé Felix Klein. Paris: Libraire Bloud and Gay.

LIKE Cardinal Mercier and the late Cardinal Dalbor of Warsaw in our own day, it fell to the lot of Monsignor Dupont des Loges, Bishop of Metz, to stand out at one terrible and dramatic epoch in the history of his see, not only as the valiant shepherd of a stricken flock, but as a living symbol for the eternal verities which transcend national rights and national rivalries. This gives a peculiar interest to the life of a man who, failing the tragic opportunity to which he rose so worthily, might have gone down in history as simply one more worthy incumbent of a see which, since its first tenure by the saintly Arnulf, has been a storm centre in the conflict between temporal and spiritual power.

Monsignor des Loges was born at Rennes in 1804, the ninth son of a counsellor to the Breton Parlement. Abbé Klein relates a characteristic incident of this devoted and Christian family. Arrested in 1794, the father, Pierre Louis Dupont des Loges, owed his life and release to an heroic wife, who, although on the point of becoming a mother, hastened to his side from Laval, accompanied by a faithful servant, and, through the influence of a gendarme to whom the girl was engaged, obtained his release under bonds.

Like many men who attain great age, the future bishop was extremely delicate in his youth. Bad health not only interrupted his novitiate at Saint Sulpice but was the immediate cause of his being withdrawn from parish work and appointed honorary canon at Quimper in 1831, and vicar-general of Orleans nine years later. His work in both dioceses belongs rather to parochial than general history, but the impression it made upon his contemporaries may be judged from the fact that, when the see of Metz fell vacant in 1843, no less than twenty bishops begged that it should be conferred on this young cleric, not yet forty years old.

Before the storm of German invasion burst upon Lorraine, Monsignor des Loges had already established a reputation as organizer second to none in France. Hardly any branch of Christian charity or service can be mentioned which he did not initiate in his diocese. The foundation of the Jesuit College of Saint Clément, diocesan schools, religious instruction by the Brothers of Christian Doctrine in those still under state direction, seminaries, orphanages, clubs for working boys which still remain a model for later workers, a society of Perpetual Adoration, a society for the observance of Sunday, and a confraternity of Reparation for Blasphemy, particularly dear to his heart, are only a few with which the name of the patriotic Bishop of Metz will always be associated.

The catastrophe of August, 1870, found him newly returned to his diocese from the Vatican Council, where his name figured among the minority who wrote "non placet" to the proposal for decreeing papal infallibility. Cut off for many months by war from communication with the Supreme See, he hastened, so soon as an opportunity offered, to send in his complete and loyal submission. The words are worth quoting: "Today, Holy Father, I approach your feet, with filial respect, to declare my adherence, simple, absolute, and without reserve of any kind, to the decrees of the Vatican Council promulgated by Your Holiness. . . . By God's grace I have never owned and never will own in my heart any sentiment other than respect and sincere submission to the decisions of the Church and its vicar in Jesus Christ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The letter was sent after a calvary that might have chastened a more humble and loyal soul than that of Monsignor des Loges. For two or three months the terrible chaos that is implied in the defeat of a great army, had concentrated itself in the unhappy city of Metz. Past the windows of the episcopal palace, which shook at night to the sound of death-dealing guns, the miserable pageant of defeat defiled, day after day. First the sick and bewildered adventurer who had called himself Napoleon, slinking out of the city with the paraphernalia of his court at his heels, amid the silence or hostile cries of its citizens. Then the routed army, headed off from their retreat on Chalons—150,000 men, bearing with them 22,000 wounded for whom room had to be made in public buildings, schools, orphanages, seminaries, prisons, and under tents set up in squares and parks. Abbé Klein spares us none of the terrible spectacles which it is hard for a patriotic Frenchman, even across the vista of a "révanche" accomplished, and a Metz over which the tricolor floats anew, to recall without humiliation. The sorties of the misled army, inured to defeat under their miserable and unsoldierly leader, Bazaine; the gradual dry-rot that set in as the hapless garrison, "cut off from the rest of the world, without any news of their country's fate, and eating just enough to sustain life, wandered about, idle in a sea of mud, and counted the hours that separated them from the final catastrophe"; last of all the departure for German prisons of the army which, properly led, might have turned the tide of invasion, surrounded by an indignant mob which tore their rifles and ammunition pouches from their hands, and the entry of the victorious Teutons "headed by their bands and with their colors floating on the air." Monsignor des Loges was a great bishop, but a Frenchman no less. Later in life he was to confess that "after his sins," his greatest humiliation was to remember that his hand had twice been kissed by Marshal Bazaine.

It is the German occupation of Alsace-Lorraine and the dignity with which the Bishop of Metz took his place as natural leader of its sacrificed people which, even more than his charity during the siege, has endeared him forever to French and Catholic hearts. His task was a terribly difficult one. As a loyal son of the Church, he had to submit, in all lawful temporal matters, to the constituted authorities. In all the religious movements of which he was the natural chief, he had to hold in check, and against the promptings of his own heart, the feelings of a populace for whom religion had become in some part a substitute for and symbol of "la patrie" and who "took advantage of the Church's solemnities to come together, to act and feel together, to live together once more as in the past." And he had to do this under the malignant eye of the new master, forever on the watch for some incident which would justify a charge that he was a French agent first and a bishop of the Universal Church afterward.

The fact that Monsignor Dupont des Loges surmounted obstacles and persecutions one by one, winning, not only the love of his flock, but in the end the esteem of the alien ruler, is a tribute to the prestige of his personality. But it is also a tribute to the nature of the principles for which he stood. As we read the noble and dignified answers, which Abbé Klein quotes, to each successive inroad of the civil power, anxious only that the new provinces should become an integral part of the German Reich, and, for this end, ready to bully or cajole as seemed best, what we are watching is the delimitation in an upright Christian conscience, never so necessary as in our own day, of the frontier beyond which the overweening state may not pass—a definition of the things which are Caesar's and the things which Caesar has no title to ask, whether they belong to the conscience or to the heart of man.

In the end, he conquered the conqueror. Perhaps the pleasantest part of Abbé Klein's very thorough and interesting biography, are the letters that passed between the Breton bishop and the German governor, Baron von Manteuffel, an upright and high-minded soldier from Saxony, in every respect the antithesis of everything we associate with the Prussian name, whom providence sent as governor of the severed provinces. He was elected deputy to the Reichstag, honors and decorations (which he refused courteously to accept) were proffered him, and his funeral was the opportunity for an imposing tribute in which victor and vanquished joined. One fancies his real earthly reward did not come till three years ago, when, amid French banners and French uniforms, his statue was unveiled in a chapel of the cathedral which he administered for close upon forty years, and Monsignor Charost, Archbishop of his native city of Rennes, pronounced the panegyric upon his noble life.

H. L. S.

Reminiscences, by Marie Zu Erbach-Schönberg. New York: Brentano's. $4.50.

THIS book has been evidently written for a few, and we doubt very much if it will be read by the many. To Americans it cannot appeal, principally because it treats of things which they do not know, and of people whom they have never seen. More than that, it has some puerile passages, the meaning or significance of which the outsider—the person who has not lived in the intimacy of royal personages—will never grasp, and will merely pass by with a smile.

It is a book of small things, and yet one not devoid of great facts and interesting incidents. It is a record of dead things, dead hopes, dead greatness, and last but not least, dead importance. Who today, after revolutions and wars have worked havoc among royalties, will feel interested in the rank awarded, and not always granted, to the children of the morganatic marriage of a prince of Hesse, quite an insignificant personage among the numerous German potentates? And yet the Reminiscences of the Princess Erbach Schönberg is filled with things of this kind, and tends, perhaps unnoticed by the author, to give us a perfect image of the daily existence of these different potentates who were all most wonderful, most intelligent, most amiable, and most virtuous, even when the forgetfulness of virtue had raised them to a rank they would hardly have obtained if they had remembered it.

All this is very interesting for a restricted circle of persons, but the general public will fail to realize the significance of the point of view taken by the Princess when she made up her mind to write these reminiscences of a long and by no means dull life. This point of view is to impress the reader with the grandeur of her own origin, a lack of tact if there ever was one, at least in the eyes of the few who are aware of the circumstances which attended the marriage of her parents and the equivocal position held among German royalties by the children of the Princess Julie of Battenberg as well as by herself. She would have been better inspired if, in beginning her story, she had omitted telling us so much about the Counts von Haucke, not von Hanke, as is printed in her book.

Her insistence as to this point, however, proceeds from a most praiseworthy motive, and we would be wrong to quarrel with her about it, especially as it gives her the opportunity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say some very pretty things concerning her mother who was really an extremely clever and fascinating woman, so clever and so fascinating that she quite won the heart of her austere sister-in-law, the Empress Marie Alexandrowna of Russia. The Princess Erbach Schönberg, one may add, is a very devoted daughter.

In this superficial book, however, there are a few pages which help to clear a point of history which had remained rather dark except to a very few, and which was to lead to many things and events that but for it might have changed the fate of Europe. I mean the incidents connected with the brief reign of Prince Alexander of Battenberg in Bulgaria. His sister attributes his fall and forced abdication to Russia and to the Czar Alexander III's antipathy to him. At the same time she mentions an interview which the newly-elected prince of Bulgaria had with Prince Bismarck immediately after he had been apprised of the selection made of his person as first ruler of the new principality. Unwillingly, and without realizing it, she confirms a fact which was suspected but only established as a certainty in the minds of two or three persons, the fact that the first chancellor of the then new German empire had hoped to find in Prince Alexander of Battenberg a faithful servant of his political designs, and to be able, thanks to him, to stop Russian influence in the Balkans from becoming too prominent. And here let me relate an incident that may throw some light upon this much discussed question:

In 1883 Alexander III was crowned in Moscow. Among those who attended the ceremony was Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. The Czar did not care for him, especially since he had been shown proofs that he was playing a double game in Sofia. He was very cool with his kinsman, and showered amiabilities on the then Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, who had also arrived in Moscow for the festival of the coronation. Prince Alexander felt very hurt, and seeing a lady whom he had known in Berlin when he was living there, who happened to be present at a ball given by the German ambassador, he asked her to dance the cotillion with him and poured out the story of his supposed wrongs in her sympathetic ears. When the lady in question asked him what he intended doing, adding that it would be most unwise of him to quarrel with the Czar, Alexander replied that it would not be so unwise because he would be backed by Prince Bismarck who had told him that he might by his policy "counteract with efficacy the influence of Russia in the Balkans." This fact is quite authentic, although it did not, perhaps, become known to the Princess Erbach Schönberg, and probably if it had been told to her she would not have believed it, because she adored her brother and thought that he could never do anything wrong.

Apart from the chapters which deal with Bulgaria, the Princess's book contains nothing that is capable of interesting anyone who has not studied the social conditions of Germany before the war. We really have ceased caring to learn the way in which sovereigns enjoyed their dinners, drank their coffee, or were seasick when crossing the British Channel, and her book practically treats of nothing else. She thought these things so important that when she was received in private audience by Pope Leo XIII, she sincerely believed that the Pontiff would like to know about them, and according to her words she "tried to make a little picture for him of the life and duties of a reigning prince or count in Germany." The sincere naïveté of this remark is among the most delightful insignificances of this insignificant volume.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

An American Tragedy, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.

FACING you across a rough table—a table embellished with whiskey bottle and glasses—sits a hard-boiled newspaper man with heavy features. He is telling you a story, a true one, obviously drawn out of his journalistic experiences. He tells it in a curious jargon of his own invention: a mixture of newspaper English, medical English, business English, legal English, psycho-analytical English—of almost everything but pure and simple English. But even while you are repelled by the sloppiness of his language, you are never in doubt as to his meaning, which is itself fairly simple and earthy.

The story rolls on for hours and hours. The heavy narrative, unrelieved by humor, wit or irony, ploughs and churns its way steadily into your brain, keeping you wide awake in spite of yourself and the whiskey. You have learned that one Clyde Griffiths, the son of an unordained street preacher, has been harried through a series of most miserable experiences, stirred as he is by biological and ambitious impulses of which he has the faintest possible understanding. Clyde is weaker than water, and the eager prey of every variety of temptation. He has been a bell-hop (the bell-hop's life, including a memorable episodic visit to a brothel, has been set forth with meticulous and vivid accuracy) a joy-ride accident has forced him to flee from Kansas City to Chicago, where he has come to the notice of his uncle, a successful collar-manufacturer with a factory at Lycurgus.

Slowly Clyde has made his way, or rather has been propelled, into the social life of the younger smart set of Lycurgus. He has fallen in love with Sondra, an ornamental upper-crust flapper; she proves willing to marry him, and such a marriage will satisfy (he thinks) all his unrealized desires—for position, money, beauty (as he conceives it) and passion. But Roberta, a factory girl whom he has seduced, stands in the way; she is soon to have a child, and demands marriage. The situation is too much for Clyde's ignorance and lack of will. After a short period of fatal inaction, he takes Roberta to a lonely lake, intending to drown her. He bungles the job very badly. At the crucial moment his courage fails, the girl notices the agony written in his features and upsets the canoe in her excitement; Clyde instinctively lunges at her, strikes her with a camera, and swims ashore, leaving her to drown. He is speedily arrested and tried for murder. He is himself undecided as to his own guilt.

So far the story has wormed its way under your skin. It is legitimately depressing, ghastly in its convincing naturalism. Nothing is unexplained. "There, but for the grace of God, go I," you feel. You submit. But soon a new note is heard. The narrator grows more eager, and you are more unwillingly fascinated by his manner. He really seems to be having such a good time! The whole drab tale is unnecessarily retold in the full reproduction of the attorneys' harangues, the examination of witnesses, the interviews, the comments in the courtroom. Clyde is at length found guilty, and with savage delight the narrator takes you to the death house at Auburn.

Now the Sadistic spirit of the whole performance begins definitely to repel you. For hours you watch (you no longer live) the life of the condemned, and you instinctively fight against the endless and purposeless bombardment of mental horrors. The story is now too long. But soon all this must end; and at the conclusion you are listening politely and unabsorbed. Clyde goes to the electric chair, the narrator goes on his way—you to bed, battered, and very, very weary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such is the general initial effect of this latest novel of Mr. Dreiser's, a huge work which has already collected unto itself a vastity of unbelievably extravagant critical encomiums and a volley of diatribes against its aesthetically abominable length, style, and structure. As to its sheer strength, the adverse criticisms are scarcely tenable. Surely a novelist who aspires to a position in the line established by the authors of Tom Jones, Vanity Fair, and The Egoist need not apologize for a work which runs to a mere 800 pages of 8-point type. As to its general structure, there is really very little cause for complaint. The preliminary motivation, elaborate and extended as it is, is surely necessary; and the cumulative effect of the connected, undiscrete episodes makes for a unity of real power.

The style is another matter. There can be no possible pardon for a writer who can permit himself to spew forth (nor for a copyreader who can let pass) violations of the most elementary grammatical decency such as "he was still convinced that he had no skill with or charm where girls were concerned"; or maddening repetitions of "all this," "in the interim," "via," "chemic," "chic," and "libido"; or endless chains of dangling participles and of split and shattered infinitives; or such unthinkable ponderosities as:

"There are moments when in connection with the sensitively imaginative or morbidly anachronistic—the mentality assailed and the same not of any great strength and the problem confronting it of sufficient force and complexity—the reason not actually toppling from its throne, still totters or is warped or shaken—the mind befuddled to the extent that for the time being, at least, unreason or disorder and mistaken or erroneous counsel would appear to hold against all else."

Even the terrible-tempered Mr. Mencken, perhaps the most ardent and articulate of the whole tribe of Dreiserites, has confessed that such imbecilities on every page of An American Tragedy made him very unhappy.

The mere outrage to the reader's aesthetic sensibilities is a minor matter beside the final intent. As a satirical novel, An American Tragedy fails most miserably. Mr. Dreiser's feeble satirical juices are the only digestive influences that are here applied to the crude stuff of the story. The stuff remains coarse, unilluminated, without a single seizable significance. Any good newspaper story covering any current brutality will present just as much and just as good stimulation to an imaginative person as he can find here.

The work seems to present just another mass of evidence in favor of the old critical contention that a bad style inevitably accompanies or indicates a vital and serious shortcoming in the author's view of the world. Here the shortcoming is a definite lack of any kind of philosophy. Mr. Dreiser looks at the tragedy of life, not through it.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

The New Testament of Jesus Christ, as translated into English out of the authentical Latin in the English College at Rheims, and printed by John Fogny, 1582. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 5/.

THIS most welcome production forms volume seven of the Orchard Books. Some will perhaps read it—or rather glance through it—and see in it only the quaintnesses which make it so delightful; others will merely gape and gibe at the Latinized English; others again—and we trust the majority—will breathe once more the fragrance of the martyrs; for the framers of this glorious version—we use the adjective advisedly—were truly matryrs since they died at an early age as the result of

One Macmillan Book a Week

THE CHILD ON HIS KNEES

By MARY DIXON THAYER

Here are prayers in verse for young children which challenge men or women who think they have little or no religion to read them (and especially to teach several of them to a little one they love) and be of the same opinion still.

The highest of all authorities stands back of the statement that even though strait be the gate and narrow the way to life eternal, those who "become as little children" shall surely find it.

"The Child on His Knees" makes it easy for anyone whose heart is not a stone to feel friendlier toward God.

Price, $1.25

At your book store or from

60 Fifth Avenue THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

PILGRIMAGE TO ROME

and Vacation Tour of Europe

Leaving New York JULY 10

Visiting Ireland, England, France, Italy, Switzerland

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE HOLY SEE

An Audience with the Holy Father.

This is the now famous vacation tour—high class service and distinctly different

Early booking insures choice of steamer accommodation

Write for details: BLANCHE TRACY, Secretary

BECCARI CATHOLIC TOURS, Inc.

1007 Times Bldg. New York, N. Y.

"The most fascinating Mission story we have ever read."
RT. REV. J. GLAVIN,
Albany, N, Y.

THE PRICE OF DAWNING DAY

By REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY

My dear Father Gavan Duffy:

I have just finished your "Price of Dawning Day." It is a very long time since I lost myself in a book, but I lost myself in this; and all the while I kept saying to myself: "How glorious! And it is all true!" If only our schools and colleges would let boys see that a Missioner's life is more heroic, and more noble, and more adventurous, and more worthy of a man, than the most exciting life of the heroes put before them, I am sure there are many who would build up a vocation on that very basis. This, I think, is the meaning of your book; I shall praise and recommend it everywhere I go.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

✠ A. GOODIER,
Archbishop of Bombay.

$2.00

Order from

REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY

Room 625—40 Court St., Boston, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their labors. Every English-speaking Catholic should venerate Gregory Martin and Richard Bristowe, the translators and annotators; also Dr. Worthington who drew up the notes for the Old Testament and who for two months endured the torture of the "pit" for the Faith.

There is a story to the effect that Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey exclaimed when he saw the title page of the new translation, "translated faithfully into English"—"It is a lie, sir, for it is not English!" That gibe has been repeated ever since by thousands who have never seen, much less read, the Rheims version. But it is only a half truth since where the translators do not feel compelled to be painfully literal their English is sonorous and often majestic. No one can read aloud their rendering of, for example, Saint Matthew xxv, 1-13, or of Saint John xv, 1-7, without feeling the rhythm and swing of the nervous English. Latinisms there are in abundance and the reason for them is well given by Father Huddleston to whom we are indebted for this new edition. Some of them are quaint enough, e.g., "Ye shall be docible of God," "the Specious Gate," "they were compunct of heart," etc. Other renderings are not so much Latinisms as the result of an excessive striving to be perfectly literal, e.g., "a certaine yong man folowed him clothed with sindon [i.e., linen] upon the bare," "He that sat on the throne was like in face to the sardine [otherwise the Sardonyx stone]." These are, of course, the gems, but they should not blind us to the real value of a translation which played a far greater part in the formation of the authorized version than is generally realized or than was avowed by King James's translators. The extent of this debt has been well brought by Carleton in a minute study: The Part of Rheims in the Making of the English Bible, 1902.

The fury aroused in England by this translation is amazing to our colder generation. Elizabeth appealed to Theodore Beza to answer Martin's translation, but he declined. The master of Pembroke, Fulke, did, however, reply in an immense tome in 1589, a fourth edition of which was brought out by his niece, Hester Ogden, who, in her dedication to Charles I. in 1538, claimed that her father's work was the best defense against "the inrode and invasion of a troupe of Romish and Rhemish Jesuits who endeavor . . . to build up the walls of Rome in England." The notes—which gave such peculiar offense—continued to appear even so late as in the fifth edition of 1738; Challoner removed them but they reappeared twice more, once in an edition published in 1788, and again in a curious edition which appeared in New York in 1834 under the auspices of a Protestant society. In its preliminary announcement the following delightful statement can be found: "The American people and particularly the churches of Christ in the United States, until recently have displayed a morbid incredulity in reference to the papal system, and an almost settled determination not to be convinced of the 'damnable heresies' and soul-killing abominations of Popery. To extirpate this deadly distemper, it is indispensable to administer a strong and plenteous surfeit, which shall excite an irresistible necessity for both the counteracting antidote and the healthful restorative."

Such have been, in part at least, the fortunes of the famous Rheims version of the New Testament. It is a joy to see it once again in the hands of Catholics of whom some will perhaps remember that Mary Queen of Scots refused to take the oath on any other version!

HUGH POPE.

BRIEFER MENTION

The American Year Book: A Record of Events and Progress for the Year 1925, edited by Alfred Bushnell Hart and William M. Schuyler. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

IT is impossible to review in detail a work of reference so varied and at least relatively complete as the American Year Book, which has become indispensable to public and private reference shelves. There are many excellent summaries in these 1,200 pages of news about what has been going on during 1925. Of especial interest are the account of moving pictures, by Maurine Watkins; of modern methods in education, by Robert G. Jones; of sculpture, by Ralph Flint; of vitamins, by Arthur Thomas; and of social work in the churches, by Herbert N. Shenton. On the other hand, manifest shortcomings would be easy to find. The Catholic, for instance, will wonder why the account of the activities of his Church should have been entrusted to the secretary of the Asbury Memorial Foundation. Elsewhere—as for instance in Friedrich Bruns's summary of progress in Germanic languages and literature—a note of specialized narrowness is obvious. But the tendency to quarrel with details in this volume must be softened by the thought that the United States reader is unusually fortunate in having at his disposal a work so exhaustive and so carefully edited.

Hills of Rest, by John M. Cooney. St. Meinrad, Indiana: The Abbey Press. $1.50.

THOSE who would enjoy a pleasant, sunny, adventuresome story about people who live in Kentucky will do themselves a favor by getting a copy of Professor Cooney's book. Its chief virtue is neither plot nor character; it is the same charm which those who know the Notre Dame professor of journalism have learned to associate with his person. Doctor Cooney loves to tell a story about a Boonsboro grocer who sat under the tree before his shop on warm days and loved life. One day a prospective customer was seen coming down the road with a jug. "What is it, Sam? Vinegar? I ain't got any," drawled the grocer toward the oncoming figure, obviating in this fashion the necessity for rising and attending to business. Thus is existence conducted in Kentucky; but love of nature and love of man have not deserted Doctor Cooney since he left his native haunts. His return to them in literature must have been a pleasure to himself, and doubtless many will share it with him as they turn the pages of a novel that is like an idyl of life in a dream.

The Liturgy in Rome, by M. A. R. Zuker. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THE Liturgy in Rome is intended for the English and American traveler amid the more or less familiar ceremonials of the Eternal City. When one has marked the deplorable lack of an imprimatur or any stated authority for the volume, one may proceed to use the book with constant caution against its place in controversy or serious argument. An earlier edition was noted appreciatively in a letter by the late Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. The liturgical studies concern themselves with the Ordinary of the Mass, the accessory practices, the Roman Breviary, and special celebrations like vespers, marriages, etc. The feasts of the Church are described according to their order and ritual in Rome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

A flock of birds trailed across the skyscraper towers. Miss Anonymoncule turned wearily from a sheaf of poetry manuscripts and murmured: "The birds are coming north, Doctor."

The Doctor had drowsed for a moment over a heavy pile of typewriting concerned with the esoteric doctrines of Aquinas: he pulled down his rumpled waistcoat and said: "Yes, the season at Palm Beach and Miami is over: one sees familiar faces everywhere in the restaurants: we had a splendid party last night at Gardenia Terrace."

"Did you dance, Doctor?" asked the slender editress.

"Of course, my dear; Mrs. Goldberg always insists on my dancing the classical waltz—in the old days we were famous on the dancing floor. Mrs. Goldberg was very slender then.

"How did you happen to know her in those old days—the Goldbergs were not then in society," interrupted Primus Criticus.

"Oh, that is her husband's name; Jacob Goldberg is the millionaire furniture dealer of Mulligatawny, Indiana, and Rita was one of the famous beauties of the town. Her father, Bernard Mulligan, was president of the land improvement company that developed the great manufacturing centre. The Mulligans were one of our pioneer families. Rita was the brunette—a lovely Spanish madonna after Murillo—and for a long time she hesitated between the convent and the stage. What a lovely-looking nun she would have made—the great dark eyes, the ivory-colored cheeks, framed by the black veil in which we youths would picture her—it was then rather more the fashion to be romantic in one's private thoughts than it seems nowadays. The Goldberg proposal seemed to settle the question: but as Jacob could never learn the waltz-step, Rita and I still continued our dancing."

"Does Mrs. Goldberg ever return nowadays to Mulligatawny? I read of her in the social columns, dining at the Plaza, lunching at Pierre's—and I have wondered."

"You needn't wonder, Criticus: at Palm Beach she is known as Mrs. Mulligan-Goldberg, which silences all criticism. Besides, her services to the church, her home for crippled colored children, her charity bazaars for decayed Florida ladies, and the formal dinners for visiting bishops and monsignori have placed her in an unquestionable place among the coast elect."

"Does she still do the waltz well with you, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule, wistfully.

"She is as light on her feet as any stout woman of my acquaintance: it is wonderful how they seem to defy the Fairbanks scales, when these matrons get on the polished floors. I myself can accomplish wonders on the wax, which you would hardly believe could you see me climbing upstairs. Last night Alphone, the maître of the Terrace, could not help congratulating us on our rendition of the rhythms of the Blue Danube. It brought back all the old rapture. Rita was insatiable, but I could not keep it up: how these women—how our dreams—survive us!"

"She is still beautiful, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"Well, her hair seems a trifle blacker than it was in youth: and the ivory cheeks have now a flush that is rarely met with in the cloister."

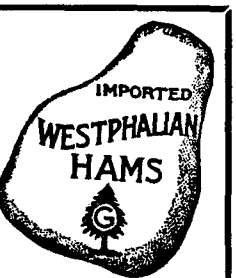
"I am sure she is very modish with all her money and youthful preservatives," added Miss Anonymoncule.

"Oh, yes, beautiful gowns, strings of pearls, colored gems changed with the hues of her gowns, bracelets, slave-chains,

Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

It Has Everything a Camp Should Have
BERCHMANS BOWER
STRAFFORD BOW LAKE NEW HAMPSHIRE — A MOUNTAIN-LAKE CAMP FOR BOYS
Permanent Buildings. Resident Chaplain
300 Acres of Play Land, Golf, Horseback Riding and All Other Outdoor Activities.
$250 per season. Send for illustrated circular to
B. W. FEENEY, 1004 Grand Central Terminal, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE GOTHIC TOURS
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI
PILGRIMAGE
TOUR OF EUROPE
(A tour of exceptional interest throughout under guidance of a Franciscan Father)
Leaving New York June 19th
Notable Features, Ireland, Avignon, Nice, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Loreto, Venice, Padua, Switzerland, Paris.
LISIEUX—The Shrine of the Little Flower
Number Strictly Limited
For Complete Itinerary and Dates of Later Sailings, Write or Call
New York Office: 500 Fifth Ave., Suite 101
Telephone, Longacre 2140
Jas. Hoyt Miller, *Director* Stamford, Conn.

GENUINE IRISH HAMS AND BACON
Direct from Limerick
German Westphalian Hams


M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc., *Importers*
49-51 West Broadway, New York *Tel. Barclay 1175-2133*

PORTSMOUTH SCHOOL
PORTSMOUTH, R. I. *(Eight miles north of Newport)*
To be opened by the Benedictine Fathers of the English Congregation, Sept. 28th, 1926. These fathers conduct Downside and Ampleforth Schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland.
Six Years' Course *College Preparatory*
For further information, apply to
Very Rev. F. WULSTAN KNOWLES (Prior) O.S.B., or Rev. J. HUGH DIMAN, O.S.B. (*Head Master*)
St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Only Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass, and at a Fractional Cost is
"GLACIER" Window Decoration
Send for Booklet No. 5 with reproductions of a large number of designs and figures in colors.
WM. B. QUAILE, *Importer for United States*
405 Lexington Avenue, at 42nd Street New York

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

CLASON MILITARY ACADEMY
Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States.
A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Approved by the Regents of New York State
Conducted by the Christian Brothers
Address: Sound View Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.

lavalieres and diamond cigarette and vanity cases. She is the modern matron strictly up-to-date, and yet—and yet—"

"She has a sorrow?" asked the attentive editress.

"No, not exactly a sorrow, but a conscience, my dear. The door bells, the telephone bells, seem to strike her with something of a churchly effect. It has troubled me somewhat, so the last time I saw a tear in her eye I asked her to confide in me, an old friend. She answered that there was a great sorrow awaiting her at home in Mulligatawny: that she hated to face it. I begged her to share her secret with me and she did so. It seems that at home she does not dare to take her breakfast in bed: the Goldberg and Mulligatawny traditions are so flat against this that she is doomed to a perpetual exile in Florida or New York or Europe."

"But the spirit, Doctor, the soul of Rita, where is it now?" asked Primus Criticus, with a touch of Plymouth Rock showing between his pearly smile.

"Criticus, I assure you, it is still, as we reviewers will say, it is still 'on the side of the angels.'"

"Which side?" snarled Hereticus.

"Rita," went on the Doctor, ecstatically, "lives in the world, after the manner of the sixteenth and seventeenth-century chanoinesses. She has her jeweled rosary, her shrines, her pet saints, her authentic relics. She has her windows to all the distinguished Mulligans in the churches, she has had old Goldberg baptized, and the Goldberg dormitory is now the finest building of the seminary of Mulligatawny."

"Does she wear a hair-shirt, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule, rather wickedly.

"I could not say, my dear, but when we were squeezed in the dancing crowd last night, I noticed that she winced a bit. It may have been the pressure of her penitential garment. I did not dare to inquire."

THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

PATRICK J. WARD is a writer on sociology.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND is a contributor of poetry to American magazines.

MARTYN HEMPHILL is a contributor of articles on international affairs to English and American magazines.

MARK O. SHRIVER is a contributor of articles on politics and jurisprudence to current magazines.

ROBERT RODGER, formerly associated with The New Age (London) is a writer on economics.

LEWIS MUMFORD is a New York architect, and the author of Sticks and Stones, and Civilization.

DOROTHY DEMPSEY is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is a Chicago poet, and a contributor to Life, Pan, The Midland, Lyric West, and other magazines.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWELL is a contributor of articles to American magazines, and the author of They Knew the Washingtons, and other books.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR., is a literary critic and the author of a study of Thomas Hardy.

REV. HUGH POPE, O.P., is a doctor of sacred scripture and director of studies to the English province of the Dominicans.

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

ACADEMY OF
MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
Newburgh, N. Y.
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic
Resident and Day Pupils
Registered by the University of the State of New York. Prepares for College, Normal, Business, Life. Exceptional opportunities in Music and Art.

MT. ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL
NEWBURGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Conducted by the Sisters of the Presentation. A Home School for Little Boys, between the ages of four to eight.
A large farm for out-of-door life. Individual care. For particulars apply to Mother Superior.

The Brownson School
A Catholic Day and Boarding School for Girls
College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Special Classes in French and French Conversation.
MRS. ATWOOD VIOLETT
22-24 East 91st Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED